JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 31, 1927 Vol. XLII. No. 1128.

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

DYSPEPSIA

9 cases in 10 DUE TO NERVE TROUBLE

Says one Authority

TRIUMPH of famous FOURFOLD treatment

INDIGESTION causes nerve trouble. Nerve trouble causes indigestion.

These are plain and well-recognised facts.

But when you ask, "Which came first, my indigestion or my nerve trouble," real difficulties arise. Authorities cannot agree on this question. They do agree, however, that nerve treatment is as necessary as stomach treatment in the majority of dyspepsia cases, and that *very many sufferers have failed to improve in the past because the nerves have been neglected.*

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If you are a dyspepsia victim—do not waste precious time—start a course of Dr. Cassell's to-day!

For the following disorders due to Weakening of the Blood or Nerve Systems:

Neurasthenia
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Breakdown
Neuritis
Malnutrition
Insomnia
Nerve Fatigue
Brain Fag
Indigestion
Palpitation
Kidney Weakness
Anæmia
Nerve Pains

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

1/3 and 3/- per box. *Of all Chemists.*

Sole Distributors: Veno Drug Co. (1928) Ltd. Manchester.

OUR FREE INSURANCE GIFT RENEWED FOR 1928

See pages 4, 5 and 25.

Introducing the

TOP-LEVER

the greatest improvement since fountain pens were invented!

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See this great new idea in Pens at your stationer's to-day.

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Obtainable at all the best stationers. If you should experience any difficulty in obtaining the Debrett's Top-Lever Pen, write direct to the Sole Distributors to the Trade: Cupson's Ltd., 2, South Hunter Street, Liverpool. London Office: 72, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

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A BETTER JOB FOR THE MAN WITH BACKBONE AND GRIT.—You can make sure of a comfortable future if you decide to become a travelling salesman and study by postal training, in your spare time, under Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Trainer of Salesmen. Attwood-trained men, without previous experience "on the road," are now earning their £400, £500 and even up to four figures p.a., in positions found for them by Wallace Attwood. After training, every student is introduced to firms of repute requiring salesmen. If you want to be lifted out of the rut, send a postcard for book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 198, 51, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

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PART-TIME AGENCY.—Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or Credit. Liberal com.—J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

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KNITTERS wanted to work Imperia Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. Write for Free Book.—Imperia Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 97, Gray's Inn Road, London.

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START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and List H. to Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

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WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free. — West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

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YOUR NEW SUIT. Get it now before prices go up! Messrs. Wallingfords, whose announcement appears on Page 25, are experts in tailoring-to-measure by post and guarantee satisfaction for every customer accepting their very easy terms. Readers should write for this firm's patterns and compare quality and value.

CARNIVAL NOVELTIES, Hats, Balloons, Jokes, Fancy Dresses, Crackers, Decorations, etc. Actual Manufacturers. Illustrated Catalogue Free. —BECK, 159a, Oxford Street, London.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

UKULELES, Banjos, Drums, Jazz-Sets, Saxophones, Violins, Gramophones, Mandolins. Lists free.—Palmer's, 135, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbro'.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-, Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

GIFTS for Everybody. Santa Klaus, 45, Rue Turenne, Paris, offers Gent's shirts, braces, Ladies' dresses, underwear, also Toys. Extraordinary value. Send immed 2½d. for Barg. list.

DANCE Novelties, advt. balloons, hats, fans, masks, mascots, etc. List free.—Novelty Supply Stores (Dept. 15), 228, Mile End Rd., Ldn., E.1.

TROUSERS. Good, hard-wearing Tweed trousers 5/6 post 6d. 3 prs. woollen socks, 2/6. —T. Buckingham, Waller Ave., Leagrave, Luton.

USEFUL HOUSEHOLD INVENTIONS. TIME IS MONEY; less labour means more leisure, and money saved is money earned. If you believe in these things read the interesting announcements on Page 29. Here, for instance, is an advertisement of a new fitting for gas lighting which is claimed to give 50 hours of good light for 1d. It is called the "Discon." Also a much needed hygienic airtight cover which keeps food, milk, etc., fresh and free from contamination. (See advt. of Atco, Ltd.) There are also other ideas for the betterment of housekeeping, so turn to this feature now.

MARKETING BY POST.

TO beat the foreigner, English beef at foreign prices. Sirloin, W. Ribs, Topside 1/2. Ribs 1/- per lb. Joints 10 lbs. P. pd.—H. Rutter, Hartley Wintney, Hants. Est. 1768.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1928 Catalogue and (Gardening) Guide, 160 pages, 224 illustrations, free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—DOBBIE & CO., LTD., The King's Seedsmen, EDINBURGH.

DRESS.

BABY'S SUPERIOR 75-piece Layette, 29/6. Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Barras, Mat, Coats, Shawls, Towels, Napkins (genuine). Avoid cheap imitations. Send 2/- for pcl. approx. —Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

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SWEDISH MASSAGE. Get a certificate as a trained masseur. We offer you free extracts from our lessons which will show you the easy and novel methods by which we can train you by post. Low fees by instalments. Write at once. —Principal, 47, Sinac Institute, Clarendon Road, Portsmouth.

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WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridgard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DR. POGSON'S OINTMENT.—Wonderful Skin Secret of Mr. Pogson, F.R.C.S., cures all disease and restores the Skin to purity and comfort. 3/-, at Boot's, Taylor's and all Chemists.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Parties. free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, kidney troubles, etc., quickly cured by PARKER'S REMEDY. Adults or children, operations avoided. 3/- bot. Boots', Taylor's, Timothy White's, etc., or post free Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Sample 4d.

BLUSHING, Nervousness. — A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately, 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B. 38), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

PILES. Why suffer? HEMOSOL, the new discovery, relieves at once. No instrument. No ointment. No medicine. Doctors use it. Treat yourself at home. Save an operation. 5/- post free, or stamp for free booklet.—Hemosol Chemists (Dept. 1), 1, Ramsden Road, S.W.12.

CATARRH.—Dr. Lane's Great Remedy positively checks and cures this dangerous disease. No case hopeless. From all chemists, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, or post free from O. Phelps Brown, 75, Fitzwilliam Street, Huddersfield.

BALDNESS.—I cured myself and can cure you. Large Trial Outfit, 3d. Douglas Dew, "KWIK," 79, Victoria Hse., Victoria Rd., London, S.E.18.

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HIGHEST prices pd. for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not vulcanite), etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 335, Oxford Street, London.

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MORAL DANGERS OF "SPOONING." Outspoken talk on risk girls take unthinkingly, by T. B. Partington, in this week's "HEALTH & STRENGTH." 3d. at all newsagents. Specimen copy free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

WIN FIVE POUNDS

for giving "JOHN BULL" Your opinion!

EVERY reader stands an equal chance of winning this and other prizes announced in the Free Competition on Page 29. Read the simple rules carefully and be sure to send in not later than the date mentioned.

A 25/- GIFT TO

JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift Renewed for 1928

PRESENT registered readers are fully qualified for the 1928 Benefits. They should not re-register unless they have changed their address or newsagent.

THROUGHOUT 1927 JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift has continued on its triumphant way. To-day, on the threshold of the New Year, JOHN BULL points with pride to the fact that over 30,000 readers have now benefited.

So practical, generous and comprehensive are the benefits offered that they would cost you at least 25/- per annum if taken out through an Insurance Company.

Those who have not yet done so should sign the forms now.

The "John Bull" Registration Certificate presented free to all registered readers. Printed on superfine bank paper. Actual size 13 in. by 10 in.

What our Readers say:

"A GODSEND."
Thank you for your courtesy, straightforward dealing and prompt settlement. Your £125 cheque is a godsend, and will enable me to have a brighter outlook on the future.—Chas. Callon, 80, Greenleaf St., Smithdown Rd., Liverpool.

"A FRIEND INDEED."
I am very grateful for your cheque and kindness during my illness. I cannot thank you as I should, for my heart is too full. You are a friend indeed.—Annie Sherburn, 213, Doncaster Rd., Wath-on-Dearne.

"SAFETY FIRST."
I little thought when I registered I should so soon need your help. I congratulate myself that I adopted "safety first" methods. Your cheque will be a great help in replacing the articles destroyed in the fire; otherwise there would have been a total loss.—C. Plumbley, 7, Upper Hollingdean Rd., Brighton.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice

Signature .....

.....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 31/12/27.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full ..... Age.....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 31/12/27.

EVERY READER

What JOHN BULL Gives

To the Registered Reader of "John Bull" or, in the event of death, the registered reader's husband or wife or dependent children, if any:—

One Registration covers both husband and wife.

FIRE.

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire at the registered reader's home.

£500—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250 or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN.

(i.e. at readers' registered address and/or garden attached thereto).

£250—loss of life.

£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125—loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 per week up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

£300—loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300—loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt or earthquake.

£100—loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100—loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£300—loss caused by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.

£300—loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 or £250 in respect of each, for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or an outbreak of fire.

£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers or an outbreak of fire.

SICKNESS BENEFITS.

£5 5s.—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS.

£250—in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Lacrosse as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£3 per week up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING.

£250—if the reader be accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating the boat be not a passenger steamer.

WIRELESS BENEFIT.

£10—for damage by lightning to registered reader's Wireless Apparatus, including Aerials and Supports, licensed to and owned by him, at his or her private address, as registered.

Conditions.

(A) This scheme applies only to persons over ten and under seventy years of age residing in and property situated in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man, but excepting Ireland so far as benefits under the riot clause, provided that any Registered Reader over 70 years of age shall be entitled to all the benefits of this gift except those in respect of death, disablement or sickness.

(B) A "Registered Reader" shall mean any person registered with JOHN BULL as having personally signed and forwarded to JOHN BULL Registration Department the prescribed registration form, and given a signed order to a Newsagent for the regular and uninterrupted weekly delivery of JOHN BULL, which has been continuously received and paid for.

(C) Applications for benefit in respect of any one accident or event, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be forwarded in writing as to accident benefits within seven days, fire and household benefits within forty-eight hours and sickness benefits within fourteen days of the illness manifesting itself—Medical certificates and/or other evidence in support of the application must be furnished by the Registered Reader at his own expense.

(D) As to the injury benefits, this scheme applies only to bodily injury directly and immediately caused by violent external or visible means which is the sole cause of death, loss or disablement as defined, and no sum will be given in respect of any injury, fatal or otherwise, happening while the Reader is in a fit or arising from or traceable to intentional self-injury, suicide, insanity, or intemperance, or whilst in an unconscious state. A fractured limb shall mean a fracture of the arm or leg above the wrist or ankle.

(E) Loss of a limb means the loss by physical separation of a hand or foot above the wrist or ankle.

(F) Death or loss of limb or sight must result within fourteen days after the accident, and as a direct and sole result of the injury. In the event of death, benefits will be paid to the husband or wife of the Registered Reader, or dependent children, if any.

(G) No benefits will be given in respect of fire unless the fire is one which is reported on by a Fire Brigade or Police Officer, and compensation for material damage will be made subject to any rights which the applicant may have or acquire under any Insurance Scheme, Company, or otherwise, and the Proprietors of JOHN BULL shall give no benefit until the Registered Reader has exhausted his or her remedies under any such insurance, money in cash, or otherwise excluded.

(H) To become recipient of rent benefit the Registered Reader must either be responsible for and furnish proof of amount of rent, or be beneficial owner, and furnish proof of net rateable assessment which shall be deemed as rent.

(I) Disablement applies where the Reader is totally unable to follow his or her usual employment.

(J) The fire and household benefits apply to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects in his or her private dwelling-house, apartments, or dwelling-rooms attached to business premises of the Registered Reader at the address registered, but not to business premises or stock-in-trade.

(K) Benefit shall not be payable under this scheme for any accident arising out of, or in the course of, the Registered Reader's employment.

(L) In case of change of address and/or change of Newsagent, a fresh coupon must be forwarded for registration, for which an acknowledgment must be received, otherwise no benefits will be allowed; and the Proprietors may at any time discontinue or make any amendments to this offer by the publication of a notice in JOHN BULL.

(M) In order to comply with the requirements of the law the Proprietors of JOHN BULL have to announce that while this Free Insurance Scheme does not involve any contractual liability it has the financial backing and support of Odhams Press Limited (the proprietors of JOHN BULL), whose issued share capital is over £1,000,000.

(N) The husband or wife of a Registered Reader permanently residing with him or her shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader, for the purpose of those benefits which are applicable.

J.B., 31/12/27.

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VOL. XLII. No. 1124

JOHN BULL

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The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Greeting!

A Happy New Year to Everybody! We have all got a fresh grant of time from the fathomless depths of eternity. Let us set to work with a will and see that we make a good thing of it.

Our Motto.

Each for all and all for each, the slogan can't be improved upon. While thousands are out of work, suffering from no fault of their own, the comfortable surely cannot rest contented with their own fate. They must put wit and will together and insist that the Government makes an end of avoidable misery.

Next Year.

Politically, 1928 will be shadowed by the General Election. The Government itself will aim at rigging up some sort of a show on which to "go to the country." But for most people the existing Ministry is already "a back number."

Nothing Doing.

The last debates of the present year served to show that on agriculture and unemployment the Government has no policy and no ideas. What New Year resolutions are Ministers making? If they can't resolve, they had better dissolve.

A Glorious Chance.

Far and away the biggest opportunity in front of the Government is to push on with disarmament and the League of Peace. The Locarno laurels are faded and dusty. Sir Austen should go all out for a new wreath.

The Rise of "Jix."

One Minister who has strengthened his public position during the year is Joynson-Hicks. Even his mistakes were popular with his Party. His opponents feel him to be a man who wants to do right, and one who can show the courage of conviction.

Winston's Misgiving.

Another brilliant debater who may not be feeling too fraternal in the Cabinet "band of brothers" is Churchill. "Jix" beat him once at a by-election, and may beat him again for the leadership.

A Leader to Watch.

One political event of the year has been the return of Sir Herbert Samuel. Head of the new Liberal organisation, he has made a deep mark by a series of masterly speeches—vigorous thought pungently worded.

The Wish to Prosper.

The best New Year's gift to industry is the coming conference on industrial problems between the Trades Union Congress General Council and employers representing many millions of capital. Whether for wages or for dividends, the important thing is to have plenty to divide.

Bitter Pills.

November saw a reduction of £16,000 in the weekly full-time wages of 163,000 workpeople. The connection between that and slackening trade is obvious.

Queer.

The largest group of workers affected by big reductions are boot and shoe operatives. Taken in connection with the promised rise in the price of finished goods, it's more than odd. It's sinister.

Eagerness.

Seven hundred and fifty-two men applied for the jobs when Hull Baths Committee advertised for five to work a new public washhouse. That should show the Government that men "genuinely seek" if there's a ghost of a chance of work.

Ideal.

In nine years a million houses have been built. Nearly half a million workers are in process of becoming their own landlords. That's the great solution of the housing problem—if unemployment didn't put a damnable check on it.

Twin Evils.

Along with unemployment stand our iniquitous land laws as lions in the path of would-be house-owners. Life shouldn't be all struggle, but that's what is meant to-day when a worker declares intention of "buying" a home.

Appalling.

That seventy-nine out of every hundred persons in this country are city dwellers is a fact that shrieks aloud for redress. More and more the land is locked for pleasure. More and more men mass in crowds.

Example.

Many other countries manage better. A worker gets the land if he's willing to build a decent shack. Given the same proviso here there would soon be a few hundred thousand more dwellings rising skywards.

Important Announcement to Registered Readers.

ON pages 4 and 5 will be found an announcement to the effect that our Great Free Insurance Gift is renewed for 1928.

This Great Gift, as our readers have good cause to know, has proved a boon and a blessing to thousands in time of trouble. During 1927 alone over 6,000 registered readers have received benefits on account of FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS and ACCIDENT. Since the scheme has been in force no fewer than 30,000 cheques have been dispatched.

If YOU have not already Registered, fill in and forward the forms on page 4 to-day.

Good.

The Ministry of Health is making preparations to bring before Parliament a scheme for dealing with slum areas. Let no time be lost. Ever since the Armistice the situation has been desperate.

Cause and Effect.

Low birth-rate during the war now shows in fewer juveniles "available" for employment. Why any? It's a sin for any country to set its children to work while the fathers hang about idle.

French Mines.

In France's "black country," 272 pits employ 182,000 men who live in modern houses and work with modern machinery. In Lens 9,000 miners' houses have been built since the war. What a commentary on conditions here!

A Crush.

At Hatfield Woodhouse seven persons were discovered living in a caravan 6 ft. by 14 ft. To "call the attention" of the district council to the matter is easy. But what's wanted is houses at a cheap rent poor folk can pay.

Sense.

The Home Secretary refuses to issue instructions for arming the police with revolvers. That's a slap for the alarmists. Armed police mean armed criminals. We don't want this country to follow Chicago.

Agreed.

War is an extremely unpopular topic in France. So it is here. The country is sick to death of the clatter. What it wants to talk of is Peace.

Failure.

In England and Wales 4,362,000 acres of agricultural land depend for fertility on arterial drainage, and of this total 1,470,000 acres are without any. The land lies rotting. Potential workers lie idle. Can lunacy go further?

The Cost.

Hake, cleaned by the buyer, is sold in Grimsby at 6d. per pound. Distributed as fried fish it costs 1s. per pound. From the fishmonger, cleaned, but uncooked, 1s. 2d. per lb. Buyers who know the facts can draw their own conclusions.

Profits.

In August, 1914, best bricks cost £1 16s. 6d. a thousand. To-day they cost £4 5s. 6d. a thousand. Such prices cannot be defended by anybody not a profiteer. They're scandalous.

Unique.

Bricks are the only building materials to soar and keep such terrific heights. And bricks are essential. If the Government was in earnest about housing it would find workable clay and set the unemployed to bake it.

Look Out For It!

Very shortly John Bull is going to appear in a slightly different cover, one that will look better and more dignified. But it will be the same John Bull—alive and virile, independent and fearless.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Thrifty Community.
The 4,000 odd houses that represent Driffield number 3,895 depositors in the York Savings Bank, as much as £316,766 being due to them this year. We heartily compliment the community.

Brotherly Love.
"We have a job for him, and that's better than making him a criminal." Lucky Phil Gordon Pollage to be pleaded for so splendidly at York by the brother he had robbed. The helping hand has put many an erring lad right for life.

Not Forgetful.
Staines Guardians acknowledge 3s. sent by a tramp for board received last October. The call of the road as a means of livelihood is not so lucrative as to prevent us from taking off our hats to one who manages to pursue it with honour.

Her Bit.
"For an egg for the pudding" was the message accompanying a gift of three pennies handed to the porter of the Royal Free Hospital by a small girl. Though outwardly poor, she has the wealth of kindness that makes the copper gift golden.

Flouting the Law.
Though he regularly stopped the contributions from their wages, in thirteen cases Henry Senior, master joiner of Blackpool, failed to stamp his employees' health insurance cards. The fines will have to be made stiffer than 10s. a man if this open defiance of the law is to be stamped out.

Going Begging.
Decrease of prison population since the war has put half the prisons in the country, some amid beautiful scenery, on the market at low cost. Why not utilise the latter for mental treatment, such as we are continually urging is the only way to eliminate a certain type of criminal?

Risky Work.
Without the ferretings of a Press reporter, few would have known how P.C. Owen Williams, of Llanbedrog, was lowered down 150 ft. of cliff, and at great peril to himself roped and rescued a stranded sheep. The R.S.P.C.A. medal well becomes this modest and gallant officer.

Faithful Servant.
A memorial tablet to Miss Ellen Gates, who entered the service of Ivinghoe's vicar at fifteen, and remained till her death at forty-five, has been dedicated in the parish church. And rightly, too! The honourable work of a faithful domestic should not be lightly regarded or easily forgotten.

Going to Sea.
Alone in the world, Arthur Miller, fifteen, stole a bicycle to get to Liverpool in order to go to sea. The Chester remand home where he has been sent is advised to make a sailor of him. Dreading the workhouse and knowing what he wants are favourable signs of doing well. We wish him luck.

A Long Tramp.
A wallet of Treasury notes is a substantial token of regard for Mr. Harry Bowles, late rural postman for Baldersdale. Twenty-two and a half miles a day, or 45,000 miles in seven years, is not bad going even for a member of a national service of which the linking-up with the world of remote districts is not its least charm.

Betting Babes.
During a raid on Grimsby betting premises, a six-year-old girl entered with a bet for her mother. Could that mother have foreseen that the habit of taking betting for granted in her child might one day prove a millstone round her neck to drown her in debt and despair, she wouldn't have needed the magistrate's caution not to resort to the place.

Puzzling the Professors.
Lord Carson's confession that he found the Unemployment Insurance Bill absolutely unintelligible is condemnation indeed, for if his trained mind is lost in the maze, what hope is there for other poor mortals? "Legislation by reference gone stark, staring mad" is how his lordship defined the measure.

Chance to Pay.
As long as Richard J. Dowse pays up 35s. weekly for his wife's maintenance, plus 6d. off his arrears totalling £10, he will escape a month's imprisonment. The Cardiff stipendiary is wise to give him a chance of avoiding being kept by the State.

Scandalous.
The attempt of farmers and others to secure for themselves the old-age pension payable in January to insured workers reaching the age of sixty-five must be scotched. They propose to reduce wages by the amount. The trade union movement will be well occupied if it fights the scandal.

Humble Guests.
Free conveyance for those unable to walk was provided by Sir Henry Randall, of Northampton, who lunched, among others on his eightieth birthday, fifteen workhouse inmates and over 700 old-age pensioners. A true knightly host is he who understands the art of calling the right people to a feast.

Tardy Remembrance.
Ashby-de-la-Zouch Guardians had a pleasant surprise when a woman, missing for twenty years, reappeared in an expensive car and took her aged mother off their hands by refurnishing her cottage and giving her £50. Better late than never, but we don't think much of an affection that can neglect a parent for two long decades.

A Real Nurse.
When Miss Kathleen Munro, a young nurse in her teens, heard a scream while sitting in Cassiobury Park, Watford, she rushed to the Grand Junction Canal and found a woman struggling in the water. Plunging into the deep and icy water she succeeded in pulling the drowning woman to the bank. May the shock of the plunge work no ill to Miss Munro.

The Human Machine

Cheer Up!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

A NEW YEAR! A new beginning! A new hope!

Have you ever bothered to think about yourself and wonder what is really the most remarkable thing about you? If you haven't, I will tell you.

The most marvellous thing about you is your power of forgetting pain and distress and unpleasantness and your ability to look forward with hope and optimism.

You didn't think of that, did you? It was too simple to strike you as marvellous, wasn't it? But it is marvellous, all the same.

If it wasn't for that power you couldn't live: you'd wither away under the stress of circumstances.

As it is, you can if you will rise above circumstances and boss the world.

Power does not come from outside: it comes from within—and its source is inexhaustible.

You have only to repeat the words, "A New Year," to feel courage and hope and optimism welling up. Their very sound makes life look brighter.

FOR who knows what may happen? A whole year in front of you to do with what you will! A whole year in which to remedy the mistakes of the past and build for the future!

Get at it, my friends! 1928 is yours. You can do anything you like with it. Push the door open and go right in.

The finest New Year card I have ever seen was the simplest of all. It just said: "Cheer up! It may never happen!"

Isn't that the simple secret of happiness?

Stupid Regulation.
When visiting patients in the Lewisham Hospital, parents are required to leave their children outside the building. During the present inclement weather, if children are subjected to treatment of this kind the hospital is not likely to lack patients.

Wrong Remedy.
An out-of-work man at Llanrwst has a wife and ten children to keep—God help them!—and in their home have only one bedroom for the twelve. The guardians have offered the shelter of the poorhouse: but will that solve the problem when the family's need is a proper home and the man's work?

Soapless!
Liverpool magistrates recognise the futility of bringing before them a man who, providing for nine people on 31s. unemployment pay, fails to keep his child clean. Whoever brought the summons would have been better engaged arranging for care of his numerous family, since his wife is too ill to look after it.

Practical Determination.
Failing to establish a faculty of commerce at University College, Dundee, by a gift of £30,000, Mr. George Bonar, by putting up another £10,000, is to establish a commercial college under the city's education authority. We have the highest admiration for this jute manufacturer, who gives such a practical rendering of his educational ideals.

Modest Hero.
With movie alertness, a man dashed into the road at Cardiff and snatched away a girl whom an expectant crowd thought must have been crushed by an oncoming tram. But for a friend's information, no one would have known who to congratulate in a Mr. Michael McCarthy, whose nimbleness of mind and body is made eminently more attractive by his modesty.

Rent Hog.
Mrs. Gould, Maida Vale, washer-up to a catering firm, has no soul above the sink. Though making £6 11s. 4d. weekly in rents from two disgracefully neglected cottages, she did not disdain to acquire an additional 6s. 6d. from farming out an unventilated scullery without chimney as a furnished room. Fines of £3 10s. with £7 7s. costs is an easy let-off for such barefaced profiteering.

More Colonies.
If Hollesley Bay Labour Colony resents intrusion of men unsuited for training, and is to be exclusively an agricultural centre, others must be started to absorb London unemployed. Mr. H. W. S. Francis, assistant secretary to the Ministry of Health, deserves practical support of his statement that the worst thing to do with a good man is to give him unconditional relief.

No Place for Them.
No more of Wemyss aged poor will be packed off to the workhouse to end their days. It is not a fitting place for them, the parish council has decided. With a little more money granted them, and clothing and comforts, it is being made possible for the veterans to live happily outside the institution, and to be freed from the dread that haunts so many who are poor.

Get to Work!
Batley magistrates have by no means cut the Gordian knot in telling James Cleasy to abate overcrowding on his premises. The disgrace of his getting 5s. weekly for letting one room to a family of six, coal and food being stored there, cannot be removed if his lodgers can find no house. Report must be made to the Housing Committee, unlikely to move unless such facts are continually put before it.

The Cold Pinch.
The cold does not pinch as keenly as the coal merchant. For no reason except to swell their profits many coal merchants put up prices by 2s. a ton. Even Col. Lane-Fox, Secretary for Mines, commented in the Commons on the lack of excuse. The miner gets starvation wages and the householder pays through the nose while the merchant rakes in his profit. The remedy is to make profiteering illegal.

Wicked Profligacy.

Arraigned in St. Albans Bankruptcy Court, after spending in two years an inheritance of £80,000, Geoffrey Basil Herbert Mundy, a youth of twenty-two, retorted, "It is my own money, and one is entitled to amuse oneself." No more wrong-headed view of life could be taken. Wealth implies responsibility. Every penny must be earned—by somebody.

Pluck.

Shopping in Mansfield Market, Mrs. Nellie Bramwell, mother of twelve children, felt a hand in her pocket and knew that her purse with the week's money was gone. She chased a running man, caught him and haled him up at the police-court. "Do your own detective work if you have courage enough" is not a bad motto when there's only an instant in which to take action.

Appalling Consequences.

We thoroughly agree with Mr. Hay Halkett that sorrow, and not further punishment, was the only thing left to deal out to John William Hammond, the head postman of Belsize Road Office, Kilburn, who, yielding to temptation, abruptly sullied his thirty-six and a half years' record. He has lost his job, his pension, and his wife; the shock killed her. Mr. Halkett, in discharging the poor fellow, took the only course possible.

The Black Squad.

A down-and-out barrister thought to earn his bread by stoking a liner. An hour or two of it left him dead-beat, but the black squad did his job until he got his second wind. They are "the best men in the world" is his grateful tribute. It is about time that British shipping companies provided better quarters for these men. The "floating hotel" part of the modern liner ends before you reach the fo'c'sle.

Still in Chains.

Lack of sympathy accorded to Miriam Sinclair by Mr. Hay Halkett, Marylebone magistrate, to whom she pleaded that owing to L.C.C. restrictions against discharged prisoners no licensed hairdresser would employ her since serving a term for theft, forcibly proves the Hull Prison Governor's conviction that the real punishment of the prisoner often begins when he comes out of prison. Unless these conditions are changed how can we expect crime to diminish?

Horrible Conditions.

Two children of thirteen and eight, with two smaller illegitimate kiddies of an elder sister, filthy and verminous, eight people, including three adults, sleeping in one dirty bedroom—these were the revolting conditions of a Hucknall family named Holess. We may send the parents to prison where they have been before, and the children to the workhouse, but until we house and teach people better, we cannot breed citizens who need neither punishment nor charity.

Hame Again.

Simon Bathgate and Thomas Rowan, charged at Hull with being stowaways from Australia on the steamship *Tasmania*, explained that a thirteen weeks' search had failed to find them a single job. They were fined, although both had been well-behaved and worked well on the ship. We recommend the incident to those dealing with emigration. It is still recommended as a quick, wholesale solution of unemployment in this country!

The Vale of Famine.

A child of seven limped into the office of the Blaina and Nantyglo Distress Committee with bleeding feet. She had trudged miles in gaping boots over frost-bound roads. Her clothing consisted of a ragged coat. The officials warmed her, and started to take off her coat, but she screamed and fought, for that shred of clothing was all she had to cover her nakedness. Her case is one of many in South Wales valleys of famine. And the only thing that stirs Parliament's conscience is talk of altering a Prayer-book!

No Excuse.

To avoid detailed evidence, Arthur Walter Nicholson, a sixty-four-year-old accountant, of Sidcup, offered no excuse when charged with terrible guilt towards boys of whom, as churchwarden and Sunday-school teacher at Christ Church, he had been in charge. Twelve months' hard labour is none too much for such a scoundrel. All we ask is to see the same serious view taken when victims are girls.

Spanish Prisoner Slips.

Vincente Garcia, of Valencia, is an earnest exponent of the age-old "Spanish prisoner" dodge, and one of his latest efforts was addressed to a stranger in the Shetland Isles. As usual, the stranger was hailed as a distant relative and appealed to for assistance in the recovery of a fortune of £36,000! Somehow we do not think that Vincente Garcia would have taken such pains with his handwriting had he known that he was writing to a man who had been dead two years!

Anonymous Board.

A Burton-on-Trent reader has sent us a circular letter which he has just received from "The Transport Appointments Board," of Church Lane, Aston, Birmingham. It seems that if he sends "the negligible foundation enrolment fee of 2s. 6d." he can claim the board's services in seeking employment. The enrolment form is a crude affair, and as the circular does not divulge the names of the officers constituting the "Transport Appointments Board," we should advise caution.

Be Decent, Do!

We pity any who find in Christianity nothing but subject-matter for wrangling. When they use poison pens as a weapon it is time to cry halt. The Rural Dean of Leamington, the Rev. C. E. Morton, is justified in his protest. To send scurrilous letters to the vicar on the day his son was buried is the refinement of cruelty. Whatever the form of service used, bereaved parents need sympathy, not anonymous abuse.

Eel Pies and Pugilism.

George Callaghan, junior, of Tidy Street, Brighton, is only twenty-six, but he has big ideas. He seems confident that he can win wealth and fame as a boxing promoter if some stranger will obligingly provide a £300 capital! This is not the first attempt on George's part to secure an investing partner; but when we last heard of him he was trying to interest strangers in an eel and pie shop! Apparently he could not raise the money on that project, so has deserted pies for pugilism!

'Busman Busy Again.

M. Gill, the cadging 'busman, is surprisingly active again, organising his own charity concert, to be held at Allison Hall, Allison Road, Green Lanes, Harringay, N., on January 26, 1928. He has constantly been exposed by us as a humbug, and, in fact, has served innumerable terms of imprisonment for his persistent frauds. By "working" different districts, however, he contrives to keep going and often succeeds in winning much unmerited sympathy. We advise the police to watch his present movements.

Too Generous Financiers.

Answering an advertisement which spoke hopefully of "profitable utilisation of spare money," a gentleman was invited to participate financially in certain "Trading Syndicates." The offer emanated from Childs and Sheffield, of Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C., and as he had seen adverse criticism in JOHN BULL the gentleman wisely let the matter drop. Messrs. Childs and Sheffield, however, are of another mind, and with persistent regularity they shower the gentleman with further invitations to reap a fortune through their agency. What generosity!

START 1928 WELL! £500 in your pocket would ensure a Prosperous New Year. You can win it in "Bullets" this week!
See final Hamper Offer on page 35.

Problems of Life

Triumphing Over Difficulties

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

FEW, perhaps, of the many millions now living in this country can remember the brilliant blind man, Henry Fawcett, who was Postmaster-General in Gladstone's Government in 1880.

Captain Ian Fraser, the blind M.P., and a member of St. Dunstan's Executive Council

Fawcett was remarkably handsome as a young man. He stood well over six feet in height, excelled in all outdoor sports, and was a great lover of natural beauty and country life.

Conceive, then, the extent of the tragedy which befell him when, as the result of a shooting accident, he was blinded for life at twenty-five years of age.

Up to that terrible moment the future had seemed to be charged with glowing promise for him. As gifted in mind as in body, he had formed the unselfish purpose of entering public life in order to devote himself to the poor and unprivileged.

WHAT would nine men out of ten have done when plunged into perpetual darkness as he suddenly was? At the best they would have resigned themselves and been content to be ministered to rather than to minister.

Not so Fawcett. Aided by his splendid wife, he became the first of living authorities on political economy and a professor of the subject in the University of Cambridge.

Then he resumed his intention of entering Parliament.

He was without influence; no one believed that a blind man could be of any use in Parliament; the Liberal Party managers did not want him and gave him no encouragement.

Here, in Brighton, where I now live, the local Liberal Council met one evening in 1864 with the object of listening to an address from the person sent down by headquarters to be formally adopted as the prospective candidate.

Before the matter was put to the vote a visitor at the back of the hall rose quietly and asked for a hearing.

With some difficulty this was accorded. The speaker was Fawcett. His address swept his auditors off their feet and at the close his candidature for the borough was accepted by acclamation. He was elected a member for Brighton in 1865. Of his further record there is no need to tell.

THE above recurred to my mind some days ago when looking at the wreck war has made of some of the inmates of St. Dunstan's Home for Blinded Soldiers. There is still hope for them despite their grievous handicap.

And there is hope for all who have been maimed and smashed in the battle of life. No man is ever finally beaten until he surrenders. Miracles are wrought by an unconquerable spirit.

When hope goes all goes; but the light of happiness can never be utterly extinguished in any brave and unselfish heart.

JOHN BULL

THE WORLD'S WORST BOOKIE

ASTOUNDING RACING SWINDLE

Josephs' Many-Coloured Schemes

AN enterprising gentleman, with many aliases, has lately been operating extensively in London and certain provincial towns. His ramifications are almost endless and many of his schemes are surrounded by an aura of mystery.

His favourite card, with which he is accustomed to open every "game," takes the form of an alluring advertisement, the following being selected as a typical example:

Partnership.—Opening for a gentleman to join another in old-established Turf commission-agent's business. Learner not objected to, but must take entire charge of office when proficient. Investment of £150 required, advertiser finding same amount, to work on 50-50 basis and weekly salary. Particulars at interview only. Preference given to one able to start at once. Write firstly to L. Marney, 5, Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

A Willesden lady was sufficiently interested to reply to this announcement, and although it had specified that the partner desired was a gentleman, she soon heard that her application was being considered.

Rosy prospect

A letter came—not from Mr. Marney, but from a gentleman signing himself "C. Conley." And, stranger still, this letter emanated from Vernon House, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1, instead of from the address which had appeared in the advertisement.

Mr. Conley thanked the lady for the letter she had addressed to "my agent Mr. Marney," and requested her to call upon him on the following day at Vernon House, when he had no doubt something could be fixed up to their mutual satisfaction. "There is no objection to a lady partner," he assured her.

At the arranged interview Mr. Conley was both charming and business-like. His scheme, he explained, was that of a commission agency and bets were taken for him by "runners" in Covent Garden Market, Billingsgate Fish Market and elsewhere, the fields covered providing a big following.

Impressed with the rosy prospect of big profits, and being permitted to examine certain books which purported to testify to the flourishing state of the business, the Willesden lady parted with £150.

In return for her money she was handed an agreement under which she was to receive £6 a week as salary and a half share of all profits, the latter to be squarely divided between Mr. Conley and herself "every Friday night."

Blissful ignorance

So carefully had the scheme been explained to her that the new partner had no suspicions, and, owing to her lack of knowledge in such matters, remained blissfully unaware that any betting business which takes bets from "runners" is breaking the law.

Nor did the fact that Mr. Conley required the £150 in notes cause her any surprise, and she accordingly withdrew the requisite amount from her bank and handed it over in all innocence.

Shortly after this, Mr. Conley, strange to say, found it desirable to go abroad for the benefit of his health, and the lady partner was left

Mr. W. Randall, Secretary of the Turf Guardian Society, which organisation has done much to warn intending investors against "partnerships" of this objectionable type

in the company of an engaging gentleman named Thompson, who acted as a clerk to Mr. Conley.

Dramatic discovery

But, with or without the indefatigable Mr. Conley, the business seemed to take a bad turn from the date on which the lady's money was put into it, and she consequently saw nothing of the promised profits or, indeed, any of her salary.

Thus it came to pass that within the brief space of a few days after the partnership agreement had been signed, the business was beset with financial difficulties.

Debts had somehow piled up on all sides and the lady partner was left with no alternative but to go home and ponder upon the swift and sorrowful misfortune which had overtaken her.

Later, she wrote to Mr. Conley, care of Mr. Thompson, asking what he proposed to do in the matter.

Mr. Conley responded by writing from the Osborne Hotel, Rue Saint-Roch, Paris, to say that he was "feeling much better" and would write again as soon as he got back home.

The weeks passed into months and the lady eventually found Mr. Conley at Vernon House, where, in response to her appeal for the return of her money, he confided that he was about to go into business again and would take her into the office.

This promise was not fulfilled and, thoroughly disillusioned, the lady made several somewhat belated enquiries.

Her most dramatic discovery was to the effect that Conley had never opened a joint banking account, at any rate at the bank he named, at the time of signing the agreement.

She therefore wrote a sharp letter demanding the return of her cash and was astounded to receive a reply from a solicitor to the effect that Mr. Conley considered her epistle to be one of a "very improper nature."

In view of what we have discovered about Mr. Conley, however, we think that his methods of obtaining money from "partners" are rather more than improper.

Poor consolation

Working through "agents" like Marney, and using addresses at Mercer Street, London, W.C., at Villiers Street, Charing Cross, and at Southend, he has imposed upon many other victims by similar means during the past few months.

All the victims have lost their money and some have gone with their dismal stories to the police, so far without success.

One of the latter is a gentleman who was induced to invest £150. He had the doubtful pleasure of seeing his money disappear within three days, and, after making some enquiries, he decided to consult the police.

While it was freely admitted that Mr. Conley laid himself open to the severest censure, the police could do nothing beyond advising the dupe to endeavour to get others to join him in instituting c vil proceedings.

Conley rarely advertises in his own name, and one "agent" explained to an intending client that although he wanted partners, he "would not advertise himself."

We are not surprised at this. And none of our readers will be, either, when we say that he is well known to the police, having been the subject of complaint on more than one occasion.

"C. Conley," by the way, is only one of this racing rascal's names, for he has used a good many others from time to time in the course of his nefarious operations.

A public menace

It is within our own knowledge that he has passed under such names as "L. Mahoney," "W. Sparrow" and "A. Lawrence," while another which he now rarely cares to use is M. Josephs.

In the circumstances, and bearing in mind the fact that in recent months alone he has obtained many hundreds of pounds from unsuspecting dupes, we would like to urge the Public Prosecutor to devote a little of his time to investigating Conley's shady affairs.

The impudence with which he is able to perpetrate the same form of fraud again and again certainly stamps him as a menace to inexperienced investors, and as such he surely merits official restraint?

Wife's Sad Dilemma

Parted from Her Husband

THROUGH the unaccountable action of local authorities, Mrs. Burgmeyer, of Skene Row, Aberdeen, has been cruelly parted from her husband, a German sailor, whom she married in 1913.

From the first this Scottish woman's life has been a troubled one, though Burgmeyer has ever been a devoted husband.

Their first child died during the war, while the father was interned, and a second child, born early in 1920, was taken seriously ill while Burgmeyer was over in Germany seeking work.

As soon as he heard of his child's illness, he secured a berth on a boat bound for Grimsby, signing on as one of the crew. In this way he got home quickly and thereafter was able to see his loved ones every time his vessel was in port.

Harrowing experience

After the fourth trip, however, he was haled up by the authorities because he had no passport, sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment and ordered to be deported.

The mother's feelings on hearing that her husband must leave the country can best be left to the imagination, especially as the child was growing worse.

Determined to stand by his family, however, Burgmeyer secured another berth on a trawler visiting Aberdeen, and this time the authorities accorded him all the privileges enjoyed by other international sailors and permitted him to come ashore.

But the child died, and in 1924 Burgmeyer took his wife over to Germany, where a third child was eventually born.

For two years all went well, then Mrs. Burgmeyer was summoned to Aberdeen on the death of her mother, and was so heartbroken by the series of misfortunes which had befallen her that she could not bring herself to leave Scotland again.

Callous attitude

Since then her husband has been working on a trawler which calls regularly at Aberdeen, but the authorities there now refuse to allow him to land, and every time his boat arrives in port he receives a notice forbidding him to go ashore.

Coming on top of her previous troubles, this has broken the spirit of the wife, who, through no fault of her own, is thus compelled to live a lonely existence with her remaining child, who asks piteously why her daddy does not come home.

Why have the authorities adopted this attitude if the only thing against Burgmeyer is his infringement of regulations in coming ashore at Grimsby on the occasion of his great domestic sorrow?

Have they thought of the agony they are causing a fellow-countrywoman and her child? If not we invite them to review this case without further delay.

ASTONISHING MULTIPLE-SHOP PLOT

A DAPPER PARISIAN PLUNDERER

The Last Word in Crooks

A VERY accomplished Frenchman is at present in our midst, and we take this opportunity of warning the public that his presence constitutes a grave menace to society.

Dapper and well dressed, he gives his name as M. Jean Maurice Crerefrauerres, of Rue De Saint Anthoine, Paris. Often his written name is embellished by the addition of the letters M.B.P.S., M.U.S.P.S., and P.M.A.F.M.B., which look imposing, though no one can discover their significance.

This distinguished personage has lately been going about the country representing himself as the chief European representative of a wealthy American concern, the name of which he gives as the "American Drug Company, Ltd."

Gigantic gestures

M. Crerefrauerres is evidently of a very confiding mood, for he has thrown out more than one hint regarding the magnitude of his present missions.

He has even said that his company contemplates "buying up" the famous multiple stores of Boots, cash chemists, and that, as representative, he is closely associated with the forthcoming merging of these two giant concerns!

At Leeds, the other day, M. Crerefrauerres, with much luggage, put up at an hotel and hypnotised the management with his confidential stories of the gigantic work he was engaged upon.

One day, however, the magnificent M. Jean Maurice Crerefrauerres, M.B.P.S., M.U.S.P.S., P.M.A.F.M.B., was conspicuous by his absence. As his credit had now mounted to a colossal figure, the management made a few tactful enquiries, only to discover that it was exercising its tact too late.

The genial Frenchman was an impostor, who had related his fantastic tales for the purpose of victimising the hotel people as he had victimised many others before.

A king of thieves

He had no right to use, or rather misuse, the name of Boots, and far from representing the American Drug Company, we are able to state that M. Crerefrauerres is really a king of hotel thieves.

At Leeds, for instance, apart from his luxurious and cost-free mode of life, he made a very valuable "haul" of miscellaneous booty.

But M. Crerefrauerres, who is thus "wanted" for many hotel robberies, is far too clever not to vary his methods when occasions demand it. He is an apt exponent of the dubious art of passing worthless cheques, and one instance may be given as typical of many.

It is not so long since he visited a chemist at Coventry and unfolded his usual string of confidences regarding his business-merging mission to this country.

This time he forsook the name of Jean Maurice Crerefrauerres—possibly because he found that so many English people had difficulty in pronouncing it?—and gave instead the name Jean Maurice Marque.

Discussing matters of pharmacy in a manner which implied that he was thoroughly at home with his subject, he succeeded in inducing the chemist to cash a cheque for him as the banks were then closed.

Of course, the cheque eventually came back marked "R.D.," but M. Marque was then missing!

In another case this trickster turned up at a Manchester hotel in the name of Morris Marques.

Although he engaged an expensive room, he eventually shocked the management by rifling the till and taking a wad of Treasury notes.

By way of demonstrating that exchange was no robbery, Marques left behind some of his luggage, which, when examined, yielded up certain "left over" proceeds from a previous robbery.

As a matter of fact, the bulk of this versatile Frenchman's luggage, which externally creates such a good impression upon his arrival at an hotel, actually consists of stolen property and faked credentials.

Weaving a web

There is one item, too, which always forms part of his travelling equipment, and this is an elaborate gambling device. Sooner or later he induces fellow-guests to play with him and so relieves them of a great deal of their cash by controlling his contrivance in his own inimitable way!

Perhaps the most amazing revelation we are able to make about this polished Parisian swindler is that he is not a Frenchman at all, though the few French phrases which he has learnt off parrot fashion are more than sufficient to carry conviction to the average dupe.

The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Bessborough, C.M.G., President of the Hotels and Restaurants Association, which should warn its members against the enterprising Jean Maurice Crerefrauerres

The truth is that he is an Englishman, born in Lancashire just thirty-six years ago. His real name is John Crawford, in which name he is well known to the police at Scotland Yard and elsewhere as a card-sharper, a first-class burglar and a superb cheque swindler.

In addition to the names already mentioned, he has used those of Monsieur Marques, Jeanne Marque, John Morris Marks, John Marks and John Bates.

We trust that the New Year will not be far advanced before he is actually made to toe the mark!

CHILD DETENTION: Amazing Sequel

A PREPOSTEROUS LETTER

A FEW weeks ago we commented on the detention in a home maintained by the Rev. E. G. Falconer of Dorothy Davis, daughter of Mrs. A. G. Read, of Wroxham, by her first husband.

In that article, we said we had no doubt the child was being well cared for and that Mr. Falconer's attitude was actuated by the best of motives.

We maintain, however, that directly Mr. Falconer was informed by Mrs. Read that she desired Dorothy to be returned to her home, it was his plain duty to comply with her request.

Sent to a home

In a letter to Mrs. Read last May, Mr. Falconer says that Dorothy "needs loving care and careful and individual teaching," and he trusts that her mother "will therefore see the absolute necessity for Dorothy to remain where she is doing so well and is supremely happy."

The facts are that Dorothy was sent to a home maintained by Mr. Falconer at Danbury, near Chelmsford, in September, 1926, and remained there until very recently, with the exception of a break of a few weeks last April.

Alarming reports

During the whole of this time, this child has been under the care of a working matron at the Danbury Home and has attended the village school there. She was removed from that school on the Friday following publication of our exposure.

In the meantime, Mr. Falconer has been in receipt of 12s. per week of this child's pension from the Canadian Government since August.

As a result of investigation into all the circumstances of the case, however, these payments to Mr. Falconer were stopped a week or two ago, and he was advised to return Dorothy to her mother.

The Rev. E. G. Falconer has his hands very full at the present time, on account of serious trouble at his Old Newton Children's Home.

At a meeting of the Stow Rural District Council at Stowmarket, on December 1, an outbreak of diphtheria at this home was the subject of considerable discussion. It was stated that one boy of three had died at the local isolation hospital, and that two others, aged three and five, had been removed to hospital.

The reports of both the medical officer of health and the surveyor showed that the home on their first visit to it after the diphtheria outbreak was unclean and untidy. There was a dead well which overflowed into a ditch which, it was stated, had not been cleaned out for eight years.

A statutory notice has been served on Mr. Falconer requiring him to abate the reported nuisance and to remedy all sanitary defects to the satisfaction of the surveyor.

Conditional release

It has not been definitely established that these conditions were the cause of the outbreak, but in the face of this appalling state of affairs, Mr. Falconer must give the matter his immediate attention, and the sanitary conditions of his homes must be beyond reproach.

On December 12, Mr. Falconer wrote to Mrs. Read to say he had written to the police-court missioner at Norwich, asking his consent for Dorothy to return home.

He added that Mrs. Read could come and fetch her the following day, but only on condition that she paid him Dorothy's pension for the three months that payment had been withheld after he had refused to give up the child and before he persuaded the Canadian Government authorities to pay him direct.

Preposterous demand

Mr. Clark, the Norwich police-court missioner, has stated in letters both to Mrs. Read and Mr. Falconer, that he can accept no responsibility for the detention of the child against the wishes of her parents.

The demand on the mother for a sum of money as a condition of her daughter's liberty was, in the circumstances, preposterous.

Mrs. Read wrote to ask us what she should do, and after consultation with the Canadian pension authority, we advised her not to make any payment on such a condition.

The following day, December 15, Dorothy returned home.

PER CENT.—PERHAPS!

TWO "DRY GAS" COMEDIANS

The Panto Pushers

AN invention that will save £500,000,000 a year! Surely that is worth public support! But examination of the names of those behind the proposal makes us begin to think—and pause

THE funniest circulars we have seen for many a day have just been sent out from 143, Fleet Street, London, E.C., in an endeavour to interest the investing public in The Dry Gas Carburettor (Parent Syndicate). We should like all our readers to join in the laugh!

A marvellous invention is to be exploited in the form of a dry gas carburettor, it appears, and, if universally adopted, it will effect a saving of £500,000,000 in a single year!

"What, then, is the value of a patent which will result in such economy?" the circulars ask. "Could there be any lack of commercial demand?"

Leaving these questions for the moment, let us view the proposition as presented to the public.

The "Parent Syndicate" has a share capital of £2,000, made up of £1,000 ordinary shares and 20,000 deferred 1s. shares.

A huge joke!

The ordinary shares are now being offered for sale, and the circulars state that everyone who sends for a £1 share will be given a bonus of one deferred share.

Mention is made of 20 per cent. dividends, but a special note is added to the effect that should it be deemed advisable to sell the carburettor outright to a group of financiers, a return of £15 will be guaranteed to every £1 subscriber, who will get his capital back as well!

And now for the joke! This offer is being made by the Investors' and Underwriters' Corporation, and, in remitting their pounds, would-be investors have to sign a voucher stating that the shares will remain registered in the name of the Corporation!

This would be curious enough in any circumstances, but we wonder how many of those who have been favoured with the circulars of the Investors' and Underwriters' Corporation realise that it is only a "business name" for one individual?

That individual, we hasten to add, is our old friend Henry Allen Ashton, who registered himself as this high-sounding Corporation as recently as September 1 last.

In a covering memorandum which he sends out with the Dry Gas circulars, Ashton remarks, "I cannot add much to the enclosed particulars."

Diminished confidence?

Nevertheless, a few lines later, he adds that, while there has been no purchase-price, the invention is undoubtedly worth at least a million pounds!

Who, then, is the inventor who is thus trifling with his million-pound contraption? He is no stranger to these columns either, being Dr. Edward Williams Wynne, D.Sc., D.Litt., D.C.L., LL.D., F.G.C.S., F.A.C.S., etc., etc.

The present circulars claim that Wynne has "four degrees entitling him to be called a doctor," and therefore he cannot "be regarded as a hare-brained, unqualified but enthusiastic inventor, who is full of ideas and theories without any special training or practical knowledge of his subject."

We should be the last to suggest that Dr. Wynne has not had special training. He has had very excellent training to prepare him as an associate of Henry Allen Ashton, for we seem to remember hearing of his marvellous carburettor before.

Dr. Wynne

Earlier in the year, to be exact, he was seeking a £1,000 investor to whom he was prepared to offer a quarter-share in his invention. "I am confident," he then wrote, "that it will bring you in at the very least £10,000 a year income when same gets properly on the market."

The present circulars contain his personal manifesto, which simply bubbles over with confidence.

Cross-talk comedians

A close perusal of the circulars is necessary in order to reveal the truth.

Dr. Wynne, it appears, *has not yet completed his model!*

And the actual purpose of the Dry Gas Carburettor (Parent Syndicate), Ltd., is to defray the cost of patenting and exploiting the invention when it is ultimately completed!

One other point is of interest. Like seidlitz powders, the Ashton-Wynne circulars come in two colours, though they are pink and white instead of blue and white.

The pink forms seem to contain a clause which is absent from the white ones, and which states: *If* the model had been made, and *if* tests had proved satisfactory, the money for patenting it throughout the world could have been secured at 6 per cent. per annum.

The present rate of interest on the conditions stated is 1,500 per cent. for a few months!

We should like to see Ashton and Wynne on the music-halls. They would make screamingly funny cross-talk comedians. They could be billed as the "Dry Gas Duo," and a feature of their "act" could be the demonstration of a property carburettor!

A VENERABLE ROGUE

LINGERIE AND LATCH KEYS

Have You Met Frank?

WHEN a plunderer combines humour with impudence he becomes doubly dangerous. Tales told in this way assume a genuineness that in different circumstances would probably not go down

IF you are accosted by a tall, gentlemanly looking individual of advanced years, who tells you that he is a retired clergyman or a solicitor, you will be well advised to listen to his subsequent utterances with extreme caution.

In his more recent exploits, the individual to whom we refer has passed under the name of Frank Watson, which is not the name that was recorded upon his birth certificate sixty years ago, but one of many aliases by which this grey-haired, distinguished-looking individual has grown notorious.

His chief aim in life is to live as comfortably as possible at the expense of others, as the recital of one or two of his latest exploits will show.

Humorous ignorance

The other day, for instance, he wandered blithely into a West End shop which specialises in part-worn garments and jocularly announced that he knew little or nothing about the sort of goods he had come to purchase, which consisted mostly of articles of feminine attire.

So humorously did he present his woeful ignorance, at the same time suggesting an association with ministerial affairs, that he endeared himself to the management at once.

His simple sallies caused endless laughter while he selected—or rather, permitted the salespeople to select—a valuable consignment of goods, which he declared were required for a "sale of work" in aid of the funds of a church in which he was personally interested.

When the selection of the goods had finally been completed, the pleasant Mr. Watson produced his wallet, only to make the discovery that he had not sufficient funds available to settle his account.

He suggested that he might tender a cheque for the deficit, but after cracking one or two more jokes, he prevailed upon the highly amused shopkeeper to take a cheque for the full amount as a less involved method of completing the transaction.

But if the shopkeeper had enjoyed the benevolent Mr. Watson's humour during his visit, he did not view matters in quite the same light when the cheque came back from the bank dishonoured.

Saving a husband

The above is only one of many frauds which Watson has perpetrated. In another instance, he called upon a woman whom he knew was separated from her husband, and, stating that the latter had just got himself into serious trouble, proceeded to disclose some disquieting facts.

The husband, he alleged, would not be able to continue his financial support of his wife and children unless something were done at once.

He had called in the capacity of the husband's "legal adviser," his name being W. S. Allen.

If the good lady could provide him with £10 at once, and a further sum on demand should it become necessary in the course of the next few days, he felt quite certain that he would be able to save her husband from the legal proceedings which were now pending against him for fraud.

Worthless information

Although the benevolent stranger's story was very vague, it had sufficient sting about it to frighten the wife, who consequently decided to act upon her husband's legal adviser's suggestion.

She scraped the necessary money together somehow or other, and, of course, by the time she discovered that the whole story was a fabrication, the genial Mr. Allen was far away, and nothing could be learnt of his whereabouts.

Mr. Watson, alias Allen, is very fond of affecting the Christian name of Frank, and he has used it again and again in the course of his singular adventures.

For instance, in Leeds, recently, he engaged rooms at a fashionable house in the name of Frank Turner, this time representing himself as an estate-agent and guide.

In this latter rôle, he advertised in one of the local papers that he was able to provide valuable information concerning houses which were available for renting.

When people who badly needed houses applied to him, he extracted fees ranging from 10s. to £3 3s. for information which subsequently turned out to be valueless.

To several unsuspecting people who paid him the full sum asked—three guineas—he supplied a false address, though they were completely thrown off their guard by being handed a latchkey.

Variety of frauds

For frauds of this kind, which lack nothing in the way of variety, Mr. Watson, alias Turner, alias Allen, has figured in complaints which have been made to the authorities in all parts.

Other aliases which he has favoured are Frank Linton, Frank Wilson, Frank Mason, and George Turner.

He is not a clergyman or a solicitor or an estate-agent. He is, in reality, an ex-convict who has been apprehended on several occasions for fraud, sentences having been passed upon him during the last year or so, at Birmingham, Stafford, Bristol, Worrington, Manchester and Sheffield.

Where will his next conviction take place? Wherever it is, most people will be inclined to agree that it cannot take place too quickly.

BIG MOTOR HOAX EXPOSED

PLUS-FOURS—MINUS FEES!

A Double-barrelled Diddler

IT was recently estimated that one person in every twenty-six is now in possession of a car, so it is not altogether surprising to find that many resourceful swindlers are content to confine their operations to motoring circles.

One of the most barefaced schemes for plundering motorists was devised a few months ago and launched upon the public under the arresting title of the British Road Users' Association.

The impressive note-paper gave the managing director's name as John Ainsworth-Christien, and its headquarters were at 189, Bowes Road, London, N.

According to the circulars sent out by Mr. John Ainsworth-Christien, membership of the association could be obtained upon payment of half-a-guinea, and in return for this truly modest fee a wonderful service would be provided.

Enticing promise

It appears that the association's chief aim is to cater for the less pretentious motorists, people whose means are somewhat restricted and who wish to keep their touring expenses within reasonable limits.

To this end a comprehensive list had been compiled giving reliable information regarding smaller hotels and homely cottages where members of the British Road Users' Association could be sure of securing good accommodation at moderate charges.

It goes without saying that a very large section of the motoring public was interested in this feature of the association's programme; and letters containing remittances have poured in to its North London headquarters.

Mr. John Ainsworth-Christien informed his ever-widening circle of members that a list of the association's approved hostels would be furnished in a very short space of time.

Following the trail

Although he undoubtedly started with a fine fanfare of trumpets, Mr. John Ainsworth-Christien has latterly grown a little more retiring, at least so far as his earliest members are concerned.

To begin with, he did not send them the promised lists, and when certain members anxiously wrote to enquire about the delay, he coldly ignored their letters. Lately, correspondence has been returned to the senders marked "Gone away."

Enquiries at the address in question reveal the fact that Mr. John Ainsworth-Christien left very hurriedly and suffering from acute absent-mindedness, which was reflected in his omission to discharge an accumulated account for rent.

That, so far as the dupes who sent their money to the Bowes Road address are concerned, may appear to be the end of the matter.

But, feeling that it was most unsatisfactory for things to end there, we pursued our own investigations a little further.

The trail led to Thetford, where Mr. John Ainsworth-Christien, evidently flushed with his London triumph, followed the procedure adopted at Bowes Road. With characteristic nonchalance he called his Thetford retreat the "Eastern Branch" of the British Road Users' Association.

Throughout Thetford and the surrounding districts he has obtained money from many people in recent weeks by means of similar promises; but his dupes there are not confined to motorists and travellers seeking homely establishments.

He has also made a "raid" upon hotel-keepers and others, urging them to pay him fees of 15s. for the privilege of having their names and addresses recorded in the "Association's Official Handbook." In each case he gave them to understand that an "association sign" would be supplied for hotel-keepers to display outside their premises.

Mr. John Ainsworth-Christien was most convincing in his manner, and even went so far as to decide a special tariff to be accorded to the members.

In much the same manner he succeeded in obtaining "fees" from various local tradespeople, such as confectioners and tobacconists, by promising that members of the association should favour them with their exclusive custom.

Profitable campaign

Having duped all and sundry through the medium of his "Eastern Branch," Mr. John Ainsworth-Christien departed from Thetford a few days ago just as hurriedly as he had left his London "headquarters."

Amongst his Thetford victims are the proprietors of a small hotel where he enjoyed free board and lodging during his "eastern" campaign. His substantial account remains unpaid.

Presumably he is now seeking obscurity somewhere in the Midlands, and it is more than likely that a "Midland Branch" of his precious association will spring up very soon.

Mr. Stenson Cooke, Secretary of the Automobile Association, which adequately covers all the motorists' needs, and should warn its members against such rogues as Ainsworth-Christien

We therefore deem the time ripe for publicity in order that Mr. John Ainsworth-Christien, who usually travels in a good car, may find his triumphal tour cut short.

His prevailing weaknesses are for heather-mixture plus-fours and hyphens. The latter he never seems to be able to do without, for he has passed variously as J. de Winton-Annesworth, Captain J. Hugh-Landon, M.C., and John Nigel-Scott.

If the Public Prosecutor is making any New Year resolutions, perhaps he will pledge himself to enquire into the affairs of the British Road Users' Association and its will-o'-the-wisp director.

Shearing the Shopkeepers

Mitchell's Murky Methods

IF you are a small shopkeeper with a generous heart we advise you to keep a sharp look-out for an individual named Thomas Mitchell.

We last heard of him in the neighbourhood of Higham Hill, where one trader, moved by Mitchell's rhetoric, gave him a small order for some paper bags, for which he paid 6s. in advance.

Mitchell had described himself as a "stationer and printer," and had given his address as 187, Marylebone Road, London. As the promised goods were not delivered, the Higham Hill shopkeeper despatched a brief note to Mr. Mitchell.

Paper-bag bandit

A day or two later his note came back. The postal authorities had been unable to locate Mr. Mitchell at the address given or, indeed, at any address in that particular locality.

This is not altogether surprising, for 187, Marylebone Road, is the address of the Church Army.

But the case we have cited as an example is by no means the only one in which this paper-bag bandit has grossly misused the address in question. Sometimes he has even gone so far as to call himself "The Church Army Stationery Company."

In this way he has operated on a most extensive scale for some time past. Though the amounts involved in each transaction are usually in the neighbourhood of 10s. his total gains represent a very fat livelihood.

Hospitality abused

His despicable offences are rendered all the more blatant by the fact that a little over two years ago Mitchell was actually granted shelter by the Church Army, whose hospitality he has repaid ever since in the manner described.

The officials of that worthy institution are constantly being besieged by anxious enquirers who have been duped by Mitchell, but of course they can do nothing in the matter.

We therefore commend the facts here related to the police in the hope that they will endeavour to locate Mr. Thomas Mitchell and keep him under strict observation. He has been allowed to play his plundering game far too long.

No More Red Noses!

Flagrant Fee-snatching

BEING out of work, a Wolverhampton reader recently answered an advertisement which implied that he could make £2 5s. weekly by doing certain clerical work at home.

A day or two later he received a communication from the firm of Jones Brothers, "General Agents and Dealers," of 46, Newhall Hill, Birmingham, which stated that he could commence work immediately.

The letter explained that it was not the firm's intention to mislead the prospective worker by promising fabulous sums, but added that it was quite possible to make from £2 to £4 weekly.

Matter of urgency

Finally, he was urged to reply immediately, as "appointments in each district are strictly limited," and to send 1s. 9d. for a complete working outfit and instructions.

Our reader unwisely sent the money and in return was favoured with a foolscap circular which spelt disillusion and disappointment.

He was informed that the demand for lotions and creams for beauty culture was probably at its height, and that good prices could be obtained for formulas for which any virtue could be claimed.

Raising false hopes

So Jones Brothers, "General Agents and Dealers," provided their home workers with three formulas, claiming that they had all been tested by a world famous "beauty speciaist."

There was an anti-wrinkle cream, a hair-waving lotion, and a special lotion for treating the nasal organ prior to retiring for the night in order to allay any objectionable redness!

It was suggested that he could obtain "quick returns" by retailing these formulas at from 1s. to 3s. each. No explanation was offered as to why Jones Brothers were not doing that instead of selling the three for the sum of 1s. 9d.

This is, of course, a flagrant case of fee-snatching, and it is to be condemned all the more because of the false hopes it raises in the hearts of unemployed men.

There is a sound reputation behind

WILLS'S

CAPSTAN

NAVY CUT

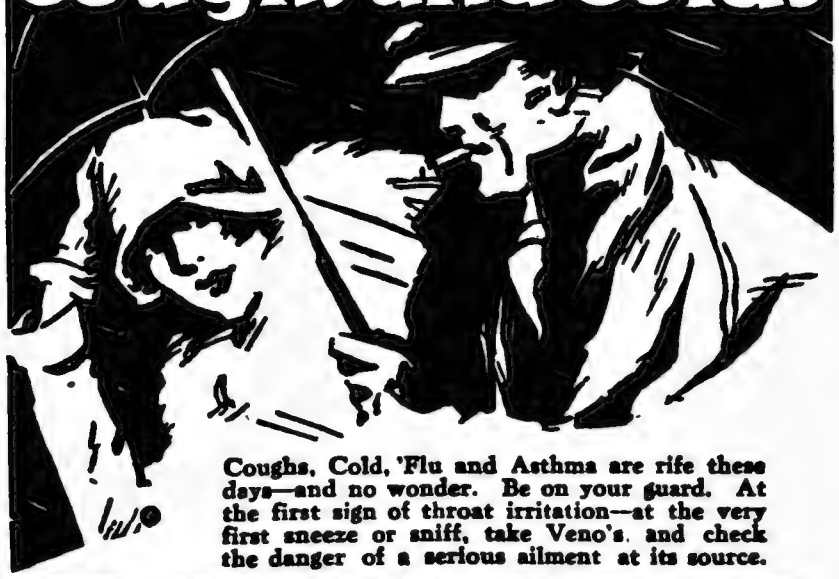
CIGARETTES

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. CC108

Further Outlook – more

Coughs and Colds



Coughs, Cold, 'Flu and Asthma are rife these days—and no wonder. Be on your guard. At the first sign of throat irritation—at the very first sneeze or sniff, take Veno's, and check the danger of a serious ailment at its source.

VENO'S

LIGHTNING

COUGH CURE 1/3 & 3/- per bottle

for ASTHMA, SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CATARRH, ETC.

Veno Drug Co. (1925), Ltd.

THE UNFAILING REMEDY FOR 25 YEARS

From the Crown of His Head

WELL-brushed hair kept in its proper place with ANZORA gives an air of neatness and distinction. That is why the use of ANZORA is a daily habit of smarter men. It keeps the hair neat and in position all day. Refuse all substitutes.

ANZORA CREAM, for greasy scalps, will not soil hat linings or pillows, and ANZORA VIOLA, for dry scalps, containing a little oil of violets, are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

ANZORA

Masters the Hair!

Manufactured by Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6

THE British Legion stands first and foremost for peace because its members know from experience what the horrors of war are. What a power such an organisation must have when it is pledged to eliminate the prime causes of war—hate, fear and suspicion!

A Plan to Stop Murder

by Lieut.-Col. GEORGE CROSFIELD *(Chairman of the British Legion)*

IF the peace of Europe is to be kept there is no body of men who can play a more important part than those who have seen with their eyes and felt in their bodies and their souls the horror and brutalisation of modern warfare. In their hands may, quite possibly, lie the issues of peace or war, for, despite Locarno, despite the League of Nations, the signs of the times are ominous.

Europe is rightly described as an armed camp. Nation is armed against nation. In one country or another jealousies or fears or real or fancied grievances or nationalist or other propaganda are creating such a heavily charged atmosphere that the least spark may cause a blaze, and who knows how far such a blaze might travel?

Who is so fitted to prevent the kindling of such a blaze as the ex-Service men of the various nations? That they have already done so on more than one occasion is not generally known. The facts ought to be broadcast. They may hearten the peace-lovers just as they may dismay the war-mongers.

The British Legion stands first and foremost for peace because its members know what war is. So stand also all the ex-Service men's organisations of all the allied countries. All these organisations, including the Legion, are grouped together in an inter-allied organisation known as "Fidac."

Successful move

This year, when relations between Italy and Yugo-Slavia were strained almost to breaking-point, the President of "Fidac," M. Marcel Héraud, hurried off to meet the Italian ex-Service men, and at many large and influential meetings implored the men to remain steady and restrain the hotheads.

From Italy he went to Yugo-Slavia to meet the ex-Service men there and to them he made the same appeal. Almost immediately afterwards the tension became less, and there is not the slightest doubt that the action of the president of and the spokesman for all the inter-allied ex-soldiers helped the statesmen concerned to ease a situation which, if it had not already become, was certainly becoming dangerous.

This is only one instance of several where the weight of this federation of the ex-Service men of all the Allies has made itself felt in the cause of peace.

We of the British Legion are criticised because although we put in the forefront of our programme support of the League of Nations, yet we belong to a federation which is an inter-allied but not, in the fullest sense of the word, an international organisation of ex-Service men. We have joined up with our former allies, but not with our former enemies. True.

We are linked up with ex-allies and not also with ex-enemies simply because we happen to be practical people. An international federation to include ex-enemy organisations is not yet practical politics.

What leads to war

Our critics must remember that membership of an ex-Service men's organisation stands for a far greater intimacy than membership of the League of Nations. We eat together as comrades; together we drink the cup of fellowship.

We believe in constructive work. We would like to see the "Fidac" we have built up so extended as to cover all men who have known war; but we also believe in giving the foundations time to settle lest the whole building be wrecked. What the British Legion could do it has done.

The Editor of JOHN BULL referred, in his great Peace Number, to an international conference of ex-fighters which was held at Luxembourg. The delegates to that conference represented some ten million ex-soldiers, sailors and airmen of what once were allied and enemy countries. It was the British Legion which was responsible for that conference.

Passing on the message

We said to our allied comrades: "Let us meet the organisations of our late enemies, see to what extent their views and ours can be reconciled and to what extent we can contribute towards the removal of those prime causes of war—hate, fear, suspicion."

They agreed, and so "Fidac" invited all the ex-Service men's organisations in Germany and Austria to come into conference. The German "Stahlhelm," or Steel Helmets, did not come. We hardly expected that they would, for they are attached to the die-hard political wing, and peace and reconciliation are not to their taste. The German Officers' Association also refused to meet us, and in their case also we got what we expected.

But the great and powerful Reichsbanner (Flag of the Country) representing three and a half million financial members, was there in the person of the president, Herr Crohn, himself. The German Disabled Soldiers' Societies were also represented, as were also the Austrian organisations.

And this conference—representative of ex-fighters of all the warring nations, British and American, French and Belgian, German and Austrian, Roumanian and Polish, Czecho-Slovakian, Yugo-Slavian and Italian—passed a general resolution, one clause of which may be taken as embodying the aim and object of every ex-Service men's organisation represented there:

"We call upon ex-Service organisations to teach the rising generation that he who loves his country will work for the maintenance of an honourable peace."

Hopeful sign

It is not enough for ex-Service men to band together to oppose any return of the horrors of war in their time. They will not live for ever. They must implant deeply in the minds of their children, not merely a hatred of war, but a love of peace.

"In so far as it depends upon us," M. Marcel Héraud declared, "we do not want the sufferings our generation has gone through to be borne by our children."

That was the keynote of the whole conference—so far as it lies in our power we will have no more war—and it seems to me one of the most significant, as it is one of the most promising, of post-war facts that representatives of the men who fought against us can meet around a table representatives of the men who fought with us, and satisfy themselves and each other that all are determined on peace and reconciliation.

They can agree that their respective headquarters shall remain permanently in contact and that meetings shall in future be periodic and representative.

What more hopeful sign for the future is there than the fact that the men who sought to slay each other in the cause of war are now working together in the cause of peace?

Who knows what influence ten million ex-fighters can bring to bear, through their organisations, upon any collection of hot-heads of any country who may be bent upon, or drifting into, war? Standing together, they can prevent war. By rightly teaching their children, they can do much to make future wars impossible.

Lieut.-Col. George Crosfield

All doing their bit

There was an argument over one of the clauses of the resolution, the peace clause of which I have quoted above, which read as follows: "We agree that respect for treaties is the basis of international relationship." The Germans frankly did not like the word "respect" and endeavoured to omit it in their translation.

They said to us: "How can you ask us to 'respect' the Versailles Treaty which we were forced to sign on our knees?" We replied to their quite natural question and feeling that we had no objection to the revision of the treaty, but so long as it remained the treaty it must be respected.

We said it was impossible to contemplate its overthrow by force of arms, and at the end the Germans withdrew their objection and accepted the resolution. The fact that they did so was a striking proof of the genuineness of the desire of our ex-enemies to collaborate with us in the cause of peace.

I have already said that we stand for support of the League of Nations.

But, in addition to supporting the League of Nations, we believe in doing our bit to cement the ties of comradeship which bind the ex-Service men of the British Empire together.

Peace and good will

No sane person can to-day accuse the British Commonwealth of Nations of militarism or aggressiveness. It stands as one of the chief peace factors of the world to-day and the linking up of the British Legion with the other Dominion organisations by means of the British Empire Service League is simply reinforcing the potentiality of the Empire for peace and good will.

The Legion thus is working in close co-operation with the Legions of the Empire and the Legions of the Continent in order to "seek peace and ensue it." The importance of this work cannot be exaggerated. We believe that the effect of ten million ex-Service men, allies and late enemies combined, thrown into the balance at the critical time may well prove the deciding factor in preventing Europe being plunged into the appalling horror and hellish catastrophe of another world war.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. Viscount GREY of FALLODON, Smith Square, S.W.

MY LORD,—We are taxed £14 a head, compared with £6 in the United States, £7 in France and £5 in Germany, and you ask does anybody really contend that we can pay it without being handicapped in industry? Those who do so contend, and actually work to increase the handicap by tariffs as a method of "improving trade," must be either idiots or actual lunatics. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty.

DEAR SIR,—When you say that if we talk too much about the danger of war we increase the danger you hit a sound, psychological truth. Let us talk Peace. It has a good sound. But it will be as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal unless we follow it with actions absolutely *en suite*. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MacDONALD, M.P., Upper Frognal Lodge, Frognal, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—You believe that where there exists a spirit of scholarly comradeship and a spirit of hard, honest work permeating the whole of a school, a prize may be a good and not a bad thing. Prizes are to the few, and though the race is to the swift, the joy of running is for all. Therefore, it is doubly essential that everybody gets a chance to run. JOHN BULL.

To Canon F. L. DONALDSON, M.A., Little Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, S.W.

REV. SIR,—As "a Churchman and a citizen," you felt ashamed to stand and preach to miners while hundreds of thousands were half starving and the mind of Church and Parliament was, instead of tackling this great human cry of need, entirely absorbed in Prayer-book problems. If I read the Gospels aright, I believe the Carpenter of Nazareth would be entirely on your side, and would share both your indignation and your shame. JOHN BULL.

To ADMIRAL EARL JELLICOE, G.C.B., O.M., Portland Place, W.

MY LORD,—Your claim that war brings out the best that is in mankind is one of those half-truths which is more mischievous than a deliberate lie. It is logic at its craziest to suggest that another war, by curing us of our slackness, might prove a blessing in disguise. Many of the evils under which we suffer to-day are the direct legacy of slaughter, and none should know this better than yourself. JOHN BULL.

To DAME JANET CAMPBELL, M.D., M.S., Ministry of Health.

DEAR MADAM,—As Medical Officer for Maternity and Child Welfare, none realises better than yourself the stupendous loss suffered by the nation owing to inadequate treatment at childbirth. One maternal life is sacrificed for every 250 births, and it is impossible to compute the permanent physical disability amongst the remaining mothers and their children. In seeking to improve the maternity service you are performing a noble task. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. ETHEL BENTHAM, J.P., Beaufort Street, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—I agree that it is tragic to contemplate the number of young men and boys who, as casuals, wander from workhouse to workhouse. Many of them are entirely without training, and some have never known what it is to be in regular employment. Those in authority who have saddled the nation with this incubus deserve the severest censure. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. W. H. THOMSON, St. Michael's, Angel Meadow, Manchester.

DEAR SIR,—Under your leadership, an enthusiastic band of workers undertook to clean, limewash, scrub and generally repair the shattered school in Irk Street to make it fit for a free poor children's Christmas party. Such a splendid effort in a poor, struggling, slum parish speaks well for your work and influence. May it receive the support it deserves. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JOHN STEVENSON, Incorporated Society of Auctioneers.

DEAR SIR,—The members of the society of which you are the efficient secretary are honourable men, hence your ardent desire to stamp out swindling mock auctions. That the Government declines to grant facilities for the speedy passing of the Mock Auctions Bill is a scandal, and I trust you will succeed in your efforts to ginger up the authorities. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GEORGE GRAVES, St. James's, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—During the course of a long theatrical tour, nothing has impressed you more than the profiteering, "naked and unashamed," which continues with regard to food. In Blackpool you were charged 3s. 10½d. for an ox-tail, as you say, mostly bone. In one town you paid 3s. for two pounds of apples which in another shop you got for 9d. a pound. I agree it is a scandalous disgrace. JOHN BULL.

To the HEADMASTER, Colchester Grammar School.

DEAR SIR,—Regarding the appointment of women to the governing bodies of boys' secondary schools at first with suspicion, you have entirely revised your opinion. You find they bring keen insight and real sympathy to the work. Why not? I have always regarded the opinion that only a male can manage a boy's education as a very curious form of sex arrogance. JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN, Magisterial Bench, Fleetwood.

DEAR SIR,—When Thomas Redman was charged before you with stealing typecases from a steamer, his wife fainted in court. "You bring her here," you told the prisoner, "in order to impress us, and to try to soften our feelings she faints." Does it not strike you that it is a wife's duty to stick by her man, and that it is impossible to control an anguished heart? However, your bark was worse than your bite, for you let the man off with a fine. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. THOMAS BIRCHALL, Wood Street, Salford.

DEAR SIR,—Few Christmas charities breathed more of the spirit of pure Christianity than that undertaken by yourself. Standing at the prison gates of Strangeways, you gave to each of ten or twenty liberated prisoners a sum of money in order to ensure them a little cheer for Christmas. Your business, I may add, is street hawking. Long may it flourish! JOHN BULL.

"HER MOTHER'S VOICE"

Straight from the Shoulder

VISCOUNT ULLSWATER:—"The general level of intelligence among M.P.s is higher now than it was when I first entered the House."

Heavens!

• • •

MR. N. CHAMBERLAIN:—"Wherever I find inefficiency, extravagance or illegalities in local government I am going to fight them."

Begin the fight in national government. Abuses creep downwards, not up.

• • •

LORD INCHCAPE:—"In the exchanges of civilised life we must all give a loaf for a loaf."

A very good test of citizenship if applied impartially to each end of the social scale.

• • •

GERALD HURST, M.P.:—"'Poplarism' means pauperisation of the people by lavish misapplication of other people's money."

Due to misapplied brain power of a Government pledged to end unemployment.

• • •

MR. HAROLD NELSON:—"Only a revival of the heavy trades will really solve unemployment."

And that revival will never take place until tariff walls are removed.

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

WHO'LL RAISE A HULLABALOO?

THE UNANIMOUS WASTERS

Make This Year Leap

WE make no apology whatever for returning yet once again to the question of unemployment. We do not see how 1928 can possibly be a Happy New Year unless some means are found to force the Government to tackle at last this terrible question in a big and national way.

Neither we nor any man and woman of right feeling can contemplate yet another twelve months being allowed to drag by with well over a million registered unemployed and with a colossal number more who are unregistered and, therefore, in receipt not of the "dole," but of poor relief in one form or another.

Since the Armistice we have spent nearly £400,000,000 on public assistance, and we have got nothing whatever for it in return. As Mr. Tom Johnston said in the House of Commons the other day, we have not got "a brick laid upon another—not a blade of grass made to grow." £400,000,000 which, for all the productive powers it has had, might as well have been thrown into the sea.

Despite this colossal sum twenty-nine people out of every 10 000 in England are in receipt of outdoor poor relief, and no fewer than forty-eight out of every 10,000 in Scotland are in the same desperate position.

Look at Blaina, for instance, in South Wales. Here is a once prosperous village, in 1921 a busy town of 16,000 people with 4,500 men at work on full time, with six big collieries and several smaller undertakings in full blast. Now it is peopled with a starving population, stricken and destitute, rank with utter poverty. Of all its 16,000 souls only 120 men remain at work.

THAT is not an academic problem. It is a burning human problem that will not admit much longer of evasion. You cannot let 16,000 people starve and—what is the Government going to do about it?

It is not only that there is no national policy discernible. It is worse than that. There is no policy at all. Year after year the Government has sat quiescent in the face of the gravest situation this country has ever known, hoping for miracles to happen.

We are afraid the day of miracles is long past. Such a problem as this cannot be solved except by hard thinking, sincere and conscientious thinking, and hard work.

Boiled down to its essentials, the problem is one of money. There is a certain amount of money that can be raised by taxation. It is an amount that is not indefinitely elastic. We think that the limit has been reached.

WE are the most heavily taxed nation in the world, and it is impossible to extract more from us. We are in the parlous state in which we find ourselves to-day because the colossal sums that are ground out of our people are not being used—they are being wasted.

You cannot spend millions upon millions on armaments and hope to bring back prosperity to great industries that are being strangled by taxation.

Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes, in an outspoken article the other day, put it in a nutshell. "The nation," he said, "must come once more to the realisation that post-war reconstruction cannot be carried out on a foundation of preparation for war."

If but a tithe of the money and the brains that for the last nine years have been devoted to the feverish piling up of engines of destruction had been devoted to the serious reorganisation of British industry and a rapidly decaying social system, we should by now have attained a degree of prosperity that remains but the wildest dream.

It is not yet too late—but we are trembling on the brink. We could wish with all our hearts that there should arise such a clamour throughout the country that the Government could dare to do no other than to strain every nerve to re-establish our country in the proud position that it once held.

Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes, who roundly condemned, in a recent article, the waste of armaments that is preventing real social reconstruction

JUSTICE ON THE RAMP

Girls, Two a Penny

RESIDING in Glasgow jail, being kept at the public expense for thirty days, is Alexander Dewar, an Irishman possessed of a lively spirit. He is in love with his native isle, and carries an album of her views in his pocket.

Leaving the latter in an Italian restaurant and returning to recover it seems to have given him an idea for acquiring a good meal on the cheap.

When he produced three-halfpence in prospective payment and found the feast reduced to bread and a cup of tea he objected. There was a scene. Dewar found himself in a police cell where he celebrated his retirement by breaking a water-pipe to "wash his feet."

Described as a "comedy," this epic of Alexander caused amusement all round, but that did not prevent Bailie Swan from sending the culprit to prison for a month.

We approve a serious view being taken of rowdyism. Indeed, this sentence would not be worth reference but for a second one which was given and recorded at precisely the same time.

This concerns a man named Henry Ewing. Entering a firewood factory in the Partick district very much the worse for drink, he saw a young girl busily at work and immediately became offensive in behaviour.

The girl objected and Ewing promptly assaulted her by striking her in the face and knocking her down. This very naturally brought Ewing also into a police court, this time before Bailie Livingstone. He was fined 40s. with the option of twenty days' imprisonment. If he paid a paltry two pounds then he walked out free.

Similar discrepancies of justices are observable even more frequently this side the Border. Damage to property, if the one who does the damage is poor and insignificant enough, is treated with the utmost severity.

Magistrates, quite rightly, invariably take a "serious view." On the other hand, when damage to a woman or girl is alleged, the case hangs in complete uncertainty. The culprit may be let off with an insignificant fine. He is given "the option" of a fine. He is invariably given the benefit of a doubt.

Lately there has been creeping into our police courts a more sinister form of sex differentiation. We are witnessing a strange recrudescence of a form of evil which every decent man holds in complete abhorrence—the moral corruption of young boys.

It is not surprising that all magistrates when confronted with the problem deal as severely with the aggressor as the law allows.

What the country is asking is why exactly similar cases get off lightly only when the victims happen to be girls? It is a question that must be answered in all seriousness. To regard the matter as of no account is to suggest degradation. For, according to the value placed on womanhood, the moral worth of any country is gauged.

PERIL!

And Casualties

"THE safest place in the world is a railway train." This striking statement was made by Mr. J. H. Thomas, the one man who understands through and through the working of the railway systems in this country from the workers' side.

There is no need to go further than the annual statistical returns to see how fully his boast is justified. Only one out of every 198,000,000 of railway passengers carried is ever killed, or even injured on a train.

The risk to travellers has been reduced to a minimum. We step into a railway carriage with as much confidence as we cross our thresholds.

So accustomed are we to the state of safety that the whole country is jarred, as with an earthquake, if a sudden unexpected accident occurs. We take safety as a matter of course.

This is a pity. All good things in life demand a price. And what the country ought to remember is that the railway workers themselves take the risks the passengers escape.

For every two days picked off the calendar three railway men have passed into the Great Unknown. For every four hours swung round the clock some railway man is maimed. Mr. Thomas' call for national gratitude for this sacrifice must not fall on deaf ears.

When a soldier falls on the battlefield the nation recognises its obligation by providing for his dependents. At present it recognises no particular obligation to the dependents of those whom Mr. Thomas calls "the casualties of the industrial battlefield."

If such recognition be too much to hope for in the present state of society we might at least do something more than leave the N.U.R. Benevolent Fund dependent upon the man's own meagre earnings. An annual grant from the Treasury would be a gracious thing.

Ask Your Grandfather!

by A. G. GARDINER

BEFORE the next issue of JOHN BULL is published we shall have rung out the old year and rung in the new. This is the moment, therefore, to take a look before and after, to trace the path we have come and scan if we can the untrodden path of the future

Mr. A. G. Gardiner

IT is said that the only lesson of history is that the lessons of history are never learned. I do not accept that cynical view. If it were true we should never have advanced at all, and the man who can hold that there is no such thing as progress in the affairs of mankind ought to be an undertaker—or shall I say a dean?

It may be true that if we compare our profit and loss account of 1927 with that of a year ago the credit balance will not be very apparent. It may even seem non-existent. But the adventure of mankind moves like the incoming tide, which advances and retreats, and if we take short views of it we may think it is not coming in at all.

Not even the most lachrymose of ecclesiastics can deny that the condition of the people of this country at the end of 1927 offers a startling contrast to the position, say, in 1827. And the condition of the people is the acid test of the well-being of a country.

Chances for all

There has been no such advance in the standards of human life since recorded history began. It does not matter what criterion you apply—pleasure, leisure, power, well-being, food, clothing, health—the people of this country to-day are living in conditions which would have been beyond the wildest dreams of their grandfathers.

Political power was then controlled by the owners of the pocket boroughs, while to-day the scavenger who sweeps the street has as much voice in the affairs of the State as the lord of a thousand acres. Education which was the monopoly of the rich has become as universal as the air, and it is almost as easy to find a boy with two heads as a boy who cannot write his name.

And with education has come the opening up of the opportunities of life to all who have the capacity to seize them. The progress of public health has added a score of years to the normal life, and the conditions of existence have become so humanised that the starvation and the executions for petty theft which were commonplaces a century ago are unthinkable to-day.

Holding our own

In no direction has this awakening of the social conscience achieved more triumphs than in the case of the child. Read Hammond's great book on the Industrial Revolution, with its appalling story of the exploitation of childhood in mine, factory and chimney, or Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Cry of the Children" or Dickens' pictures of England in 1827, and we shall have some measure of the humanising revolution that has taken place in this country in the course of three generations.

There are some aspects in which 1927 has disappointed us. It has been one of the most sunless years in our records and from the point of view of the farmer I suppose one of the most unfortunate. We have still a million and a quarter of unemployed and the position in the great staple industries—coal, iron, steel, cotton, engineering—is not substantially improved.

But if we have not gained ground in this great matter we are holding our ground. Indeed, just at the end of the year a note of cheerfulness has been struck in the Board of Trade figures for November which show increases in exports of iron and steel, machinery and cotton and woollen goods.

They show also a promising activity in the new industries, such as artificial silk, of which Manchester reports that during the month the exports were in the neighbourhood of £600,000 in value.

This is agreeable proof that we can still compete in the markets of the world, and there is no reason to doubt that as the economic web shattered by the war is re-established we shall recover much of the trade we have lost even in staple industries.

The great experiment

There will be a "come back" even for coal, for France has found it necessary to lift the embargo on British coal, and the agitation of the German miners for shorter hours and better conditions, coupled with the violent struggle in the American mining world, must react on the position of the British coal trade.

And if I find in the story of 1927 no reason to despair of the future of British industry, neither do I find in it any serious cause for thinking that the world is forgetting the lesson of 1914–18. It is too early yet to suppose that we have

> Rung out the thousand years of war,
> Rung in the thousand years of peace;

but at all events we are in the midst of the greatest experiment yet seen directed towards that end.

Every year that experiment survives, its chance of permanent survival increases, and so long as England, Germany and France are agreed that it must survive, I see no Power that can pull it down. It is true that we and the United States have made a miserable fiasco of our attempt to come to a naval agreement; but we need not take that failure too seriously, for few things are, happily, less likely in this world than that England and America will ever break the peace that has now lasted for over a century.

It is to the Continent that we still have to look as the menace to peace, and for the first time in history Europe is being organised against war, and we may thank 1927 for having "done its bit" to consolidate that beneficent project.

Strengthened from the furnace

If I venture to greet the New Year with a cheer, it is because there are signs that we have weathered the worst of the storm and are coming into clearer water, both at home and abroad. There is no country whose people have their future more completely in their own hands than we have.

Democracy has been challenged elsewhere both from the left and the right; but here it has stood firm against all the shocks of the war and the post-war years.

It was never firmer than it is to-day, and with wisdom in Parliament and a spirit of sweet reasonableness on the part of Capital and Labour we ought to emerge not weakened but strengthened from the furnace through which we are passing in common with all the nations of Europe.

The nation that could survive the suicidal struggle of 1926, not unharmed it is true, but unbroken, need not fear its future. It has shown that it can learn its lessons, and in the new efforts at industrial compromise, such as those which are being organised by Sir Josiah Stamp and Sir Alfred Mond, there is the seed of a great hope.

In the fulfilment of that hope, we as a free, self-governing people, have each a part to play, and in the hope that we may play it in 1928 so as to make that year a memorable landmark in history I wish all my readers "A Happy New Year."

Bone from t

Some employers are too clever—and thus show their ignorance. Demanding every minute for work, actually they lose hours

IN the train recently I heard an employer discussing his office staff in not very complimentary terms. He had surprised its members in the act of consuming tea and biscuits of their own providing in office hours and had promptly played the bully. He paid for a certain amount of their time each week and he would see that they worked every hour of it. So he blustered.

Mr. A. F. Holt

Of course, the man was a plain fool, or, perhaps, the more merciful view to express would be that he had not kept up with the times. An up-to-date employer now realises the value of an afternoon break. He permits it—encourages it—because he has proved that it pays. It is good business.

It is rather difficult to convince employers of the truth of that at first.

A man may have a thousand employees, and when it is suggested to him that he ought to allow each one to stop work for a rest of, say, a quarter-hour every afternoon, the first cost of such an innovation may seem prohibitive.

If you take the average wage-rate as 1s. per hour, the annual cost would amount to over £3,000 a year—no small item in these days of keen competition and cut prices.

IF a rest-pause is permitted each morning as well as afternoon, the cost is more than doubled—apparently—since there are more working mornings than there are working afternoons.

The possible cost, however, is largely and usually a creature of the imagination. Employers who have ventured on the experiment tell us that instead of costs they have to recognise benefits.

They were persuaded by the people who specialise in industrial research work that a rest-break would not necessarily mean a fall in the sum total of the day's production; that the rest would probably be followed by a spurt which

600 M.P.s Exposed

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

LEGISLATION is not passed by the House of Commons because those who vote for it are convinced of its righteousness. Measures are passed because the Party machine says they must be and threatens objectors with dire pains and penalties

THE extraordinary debate in the House of Commons which ended in the rejection of the revised Prayer-book interested me immensely.

It was not the question of the Prayer-book that interested me, and I am not concerned now with the rights and wrongs of that matter. I am more than a little inclined to agree with Mr. Jack Jones, who ended the debate by saying that the great mass of the workers of this country are more interested in the rent-book than they are in the Prayer-book.

What interested me was that for the first time in the history of this Parliament a great national problem was discussed sincerely, was voted upon sincerely and was decided sincerely.

If you could go into the House of Commons at almost any time you would be amazed. You would not see 600 odd Members of Parliament sitting in serried rows giving their whole attention and their whole brains to the problem before them in an earnest endeavour to discover its rights and its wrongs, intent on one thing only, to arrive at a solution that should be in the best interests of the country and the people they represent.

Slaves of the bell

You would probably find twenty or thirty Members, and the debate would drag on while platitude after platitude was poured forth until the time came for voting.

Then you would hear the division bells ring in the House of Commons, but you would not hear them ringing in St. Stephen's Club nor in the many clubs and private houses in the neighbourhood of the House of Commons.

You would not hear them ringing in the smoking-rooms nor in the bars, but they would be ringing just the same. And from all these places Members of Parliament who had not heard a word of the debate, many of whom would not even know what the debate was about, much less what was the particular point being voted upon, would pour into the lobbies and vote as their Whips told them.

I am not exaggerating. That is, in nine cases out of ten, the way legislation is decided, legislation that is going to affect the lives and the pockets of countless thousands of men and women.

The only question

That is what happened in literal fact during the recent fight over the Unemployment Insurance Bill. Hour after hour saw the Conservative and Liberal benches well-nigh empty, but every time a division was taken they poured through the lobbies in full flood, ignorant of everything except the door at which their respective Whips stood.

And in this manner was the fate of the workless and those about to become workless decided!

That is why I was enormously interested in the debate on the Prayer-book. Every speech rang with sincerity. The House was packed to the doors.

Liberal, Labour, Conservative—they spoke as their conscience dictated and voted as their conscience bade. Party counted for nothing. Their only concern was to do that which they felt and believed to be right.

Listen to the Prime Minister: "As the hon. Member for Consett said a few minutes ago," he remarked, "each Member of the House gives his vote to-night in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience. It is not for me any more than for any other Member of the House to tell another Member how he should vote in accordance with those dictates. . . .

"I ask myself which course taken by the House of Commons will serve best the religious life of our nation. That is the only question I care about."

And speaking of the debate later on, Sir William Joynson-Hicks said: "I thought that after the persistent lobbying in favour of the book the promoters of it would have obtained more votes, but I never saw the House of Commons more willing to listen to argument and make its decision on the debate itself."

The Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, who, in the words quoted in this article, completely exposed the futility of the House of Commons

If you look back at the record of the House of Commons you will be, as I am, appalled at the unconscious cynicism lying behind these remarks. When it is a question of religion our legislators speak and vote according to their belief or otherwise in reasoned argument, speak and act from the dictates of conscience.

Wooden-headed sheep

When it is a question of bread and butter, of wages, and hours, factory inspection, taxation and the thousand and one things that make life for the average man either bearable or a living hell, conscience is forgotten and reason no longer holds sway.

That bane of politics called Party loyalty overrides everything. The Party in power, no matter which it may happen to be, drives its followers through the appropriate lobbies like a flock of wooden-headed sheep.

When, in all the history of this Parliament, did anyone hear the Prime Minister get up and say during the course of a debate: "I ask myself which course taken by the House of Commons will serve best the life of our nation? That is the only question I care about."

Yet that is what he said during the debate on the Prayer-book, with the simple addition of the one word "religious."

When did he ever say it on any other topic whatever? Yet what other possible thing is there for a Prime Minister to say, for any Minister to say, for any ordinary Member of the House of Commons to say, during the discussion of anything whatever in a serious Legislature that is supposed to be seriously concerned with serious things?

An astounding exposure

Housing, unemployment, food, the depression of industry, the social well-being of the nation—all these vital problems are decided by ignorance, prejudice and rampant Party pride.

I most seriously invite the attention of the electorate to the astounding exposure of the hollowness, the futility and the cynicism of our present method of Party Government which this debate brought about.

If the electorate has even the sense of those it elects to misrepresent it in the House of Commons—and in saying this I am not rating its intelligence at an exaggerated value—it will let this lesson soak in and speak its mind to some purpose when next these cynical gentlemen seek its support at the poll.

the Neck Up!

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

would more than make up for the loss of production caused by the rest; and experience has proved that the calculations of the experts were not far from being correct.

REST pauses, where they have been introduced, have not meant a loss of production to any extent, but they have tended to create a better atmosphere in the relationships between employers and employed. They increase efficiency, promote good feeling—and they also tend to bring about a decrease in the volume of accidents, at least so far as factories and workshops are concerned.

The time when a man or woman is most liable to accident is the time when he or she is the most tired—towards the end of the morning or afternoon shift. Anything, therefore, that reduces the probability of tiredness by breaking up the shifts into terms of shorter periods reduces the risk of accident.

The less the risk of accident the smaller premiums the employers have to pay, so that again there is a financial saving.

I do not know one employer who has introduced the system of rest-pauses who has afterwards regretted it. Nor do I know a single employer who considers the health and comfort of his workers and who tries to make easier their working conditions who would go back to the bad old days.

Yet there are still, unfortunately, very many employers like my bombastical acquaintance of the train who still regard their workpeople as "hands," out of whom must be screwed the last possible ounce of work.

Their methods defeat their own ends. Their atrophied intelligences deny them the power to see the direction in which their own interests lie even judged by the only standard they recognise—the money standard. They are to be pitied equally with their workpeople.

PERHAPS the former will realise in time that good conditions for the workers mean less ca'-canny, and better and more honest work.

Perhaps they will realise, in time, that a man tends to rise or fall to what an employer thinks he is. Regard him as a "hand" to be exploited, and if possible he will exploit the employer—and who can blame him? Regard him as a co-worker and he will tend to live up to the name.

Rheumatism Like a Knife

Until the Doctor advised Kruschen

"I had a pain just like a knife ripping all down to my shoulder blade. The doctor told me it was rheumatism, and that I had been sitting in a draught. He told me to take Kruschen Salts—half a teaspoonful in my tea every morning. I took one bottle, but this did not seem to do me much good, so I took another bottle and I got a lot of relief from that. Then the rheumatism went suddenly, and I have not had any rheumatism since. I am now taking the daily dose of Kruschen every morning in the first cup of tea."

Miss E. B., Manchester.
28th Oct., 1927.

Why wait for rheumatism to get its knife into *you?* Start "the little daily dose" to-morrow, keep it up regularly, and you will go to the end of your days not knowing what rheumatism is.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day.

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OUR FORGERY GANG COUP

THE ADVENTURES OF "LETTER-BOX BILL"

Crooks We Have Helped to Catch

ON Tuesday of last week many columns of startling "news" appeared in the daily Press under such arresting headlines as "Amazing Forgery Gang Plot," "Bank Coup Foiled," "Forgery Gang Broken Up," and "Dangerous Gang Sentenced."

These articles, which furnished the special news feature of the day, were undoubtedly very good "copy."

At the same time they were simply a repetition—in some cases word for word—of what Detective Inspector Yandell, of Scotland Yard, had told Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., the Old Bailey judge, on the previous day, after several men had been found guilty before him of conspiring together to forge and utter certain cheques.

It is too often the practice of the general Press to "stagger" the public with remarkable "revelations" after a gang has been rounded up and placed under lock and key.

But it is the proud privilege of JOHN BULL to remind its readers that a comprehensive warning was published in these pages at a time when this particular gang *was actually operating its disastrous coups*, and when all other sections of the general Press remained silent.

Clever penmanship

More than two months ago, under the heading "Big Bank Forger—a Prince of Penmen," we told our exclusive story of how a man named "Leon P. Levy," who favoured many other aliases, was touring the country and obtaining huge sums of money by means of forged cheques, the signatures of which appeared to be absolutely identical with those of wealthy and well-known customers at the banks involved.

In revealing in detail some vital facts relating to the methods of "Leon P. Levy," we stated that he was hand in glove with a clever gang of thieves who specialised in the tricky art of abstracting business communications from various office letter-boxes.

By this means, we explained, Levy became possessed of specimen signatures, which he copied until able to reproduce them to perfection. His next step would be to obtain a blank cheque issued by the prospective dupe's bank, forge it, and either cash it himself or have it presented by one of his confederates.

Commendable capture

By that time, Levy and his gang had defrauded banks in all parts—in Cambridge, Littlehampton, Weymouth, Wolverhampton, Torquay and London, and we predicted "certain banks are likely to be the poorer by many thousands of pounds in the near future unless immediate steps are taken by the authorities."

Shortly after our exposure, the necessary steps were taken, and Inspector Yandell—who has earned

Josephine O'Dare, the notorious society crook, whose exploits were first unmasked in "John Bull"

the commendation of the community by his untiring efforts—arrested four men and a woman at Euston Station, just as they were leaving a train from Blackpool.

One of the men gave his name as Benjamin Harper, and his occupation as that of "advertising agent."

Harper, however, who was familiarly called "Ben" in the underworld, was really a racing tipster named Ritson, a man who had served during the war as a captain in the Lincolns, and who had subsequently been convicted for running a disorderly house.

The part that Ritson, alias Harper, an austere man of middle age, played in the operations of the "Leon B. Levy" gang was to open small accounts at various banks with the sole object of getting cheque-books for forgery purposes.

Preparing the way

Some of these accounts were opened in the names of Vincent and Collins.

Possessed in this way of the cheques, Harper would hand them over to a man named William Stevens, who was known in criminal quarters as "Letter-Box Bill" in honour of his skill in rifling the private letter-boxes of business men.

Thus the way would be prepared for the actual forgeries, and a third conspirator, passing by the name of Luke Donegal, would come upon the scene. Though posing as a professional dancer, this latter individual was really the brother of a super-criminal and forgery expert named Graham Davis.

Davis, we may remark in passing, was chief adviser and aide-de-camp to that notorious queen of society crooks, Josephine O'Dare, who, after being exposed in JOHN BULL (and threatening to sue us for libel!), was sentenced to penal servitude for forgery.

So, learning the rudiments of the forger's art from his brother, "Luke Donegal" became a priceless acquisition to the "Leon P. Levy" gang.

It was his function in the gang's work to forge the cheque, and so great was his skill that the people whose signatures he copied could not detect the difference.

Head of the gang

"Letter-Box Bill" then came into action again with a fourth crook named O'Connor, a much-convicted scoundrel who has been concerned in the white slave and forged passport traffic, and these two shared the doubtful honour of uttering the forged cheques all over the country.

Stevens, alias "Letter-Box Bill," was undoubtedly the head of the gang, and is, in fact, none other than the resourceful "Leon P. Levy." He has been closely associated with letter-box thieves and expert forgers for many years past.

"Ben" Harper, who greatly aided Stevens in his dastardly endeavours, was also one of the close associates of the notorious Josephine O'Dare, a distinction also enjoyed by "Luke Donegal," though the latter, it must be admitted, was dragged into the toils of the gang through the machinations of his rascally brother.

This dangerous quartette of rogues is now broken up, and all are in jail for varying terms.

In passing sentence, Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., observed that in the course of his lengthy experience as a judge he had never been called upon to try a more serious case.

"You are a most dangerous gang," he said, "and your methods and your schemes are dangerous in the highest degree to the community at large."

Gratifying knowledge

It is indeed gratifying to know that, both in the case of the Josephine O'Dare circle and the Leon P. Levy gang, we were able to turn the limelight of publicity upon such arrant rogues *before* instead of *after* the event.

But with the cessation of the activities of the Leon P. Levy gang, there are still others who have successfully contrived to emulate its sinister methods, and who are still at large.

We are now directing investigations into the activities of these unchecked criminals and as a result of our discoveries it will shortly be possible to lift the veil on yet another gang whose operations merit the same restraint that has been imposed upon Josephine O'Dare and Leon P. Levy

A THRILLING NEW SERIAL

By SOPHIE COLE

Is commencing in "The People," the Best Sunday Newspaper.

A DEATH-BED SCANDAL

CHILDREN ROBBED BY THE LAW

Tyrants in Coffins

"WHERE there's a will there's a lawsuit" runs the cynical parody of an ancient saw. Also, too often, there is heartbreaking injustice. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the Wills Act, as it applies in England and Wales, is a cruel engine of wrong and oppression.

Not long ago we were consulted by a woman, till recently the wife of a well-to-do merchant, now a penniless widow. There had been a sad story of domestic differences, faults probably on both sides, but the wife bearing the brunt. There were three children, all of school age.

Suddenly the husband had died, leaving behind him enough money to start the children in life and provide maintenance for the widow. Yet the poor woman was destitute of the means of livelihood, her children beggars.

Not a penny of the dead man's money was theirs. The whole of it had been "willed away." There was no legal redress.

Preposterous law

The law of England is as plain as it is preposterous: when an English citizen makes his "last will and testament" he may ignore every claim of kinship and duty, forget his duty as a husband and parent, even though the effect of his action may be to leave his family exposed to bitter privation or drive them to the "parish" for relief.

As long as a man is alive, the law will compel him, under threat of imprisonment, to support his wife and children, but with his dying disposition he may totally evade these obligations, and the law will not raise a finger to defend the children's rights or the widow's claim.

The case we have cited is typical, and it had an added cruelty, by no means rare. The chief beneficiary under the will, which had impoverished the widow and beggared her children, was the dead man's mistress, the wife's ultimate supplanter, although a stranger to the testator till eighteen months before his death.

The loss of her lover left no burden on this woman's shoulders. There was no child of the liaison, no visible impairment of her status in the eyes of the world.

Immoral inconsistency

Yet it was she who was provided for, while the widow, with a young family to feed, clothe and educate, searched the will in vain for a pennyworth of help.

Here, again, the law is guilty of downright inconsistency. It refuses to give effect to any contract between living persons which is based upon an immoral consideration, yet will uphold, against the claims of a widow and orphans, a will tainted with immorality from beginning to end.

It would have been all the same if the testator had divided his fortune between a dozen women he had met casually in the street.

We are so used to the system that we do not realise that ours is almost the only country where such testamentary cruelties are tolerated.

Under Scots law, a childless widow is entitled to a third of her husband's

The Rt. Hon. Viscount Cave, Lord Chancellor, who should initiate legislation to do away with the injustices we detail in this article

personal property, irrespective of his will, and to a life rent of one-third of his real estate; while, if there are surviving children, they take an additional third of the personal property, leaving only the remaining fraction to be disposed of as the testator chooses.

Better examples

In France, only childless persons may dispose of their property as they please. If the testator has one child he may dispose of only half his estate, if two only one third, if three or more only one fourth. The law ensures that the obligations of parental duty shall be decently met.

It is the same in Germany and in most of the United States of America. Even Moslem law prescribes that a husband shall not bequeath his property away from his wife and family, who, whatever happens, are entitled to the bulk of his estate.

The motives of an unjust will are not always despicable. Occasionally mistaken public charity robs a man's own flesh and blood.

Some months ago a West of England clergyman made public the circumstances in which his own father, possessed of considerable landed estates, disinherited his family in favour of two great London hospitals.

It was a cruel step, entailing much undeserved privation to the younger generation, but there was no legal flaw in the will, and the wife, with seven children, had no redress.

Such episodes are not uncommon. They redound from time to time to the financial advantage of deserving institutions, but at a cost, in many cases, of intolerable domestic wrong.

In several cases hospital authorities, aware of the circumstances, have declined the money, refusing to be a party to such tainted transactions.

Stupid and cruel

The English law of inheritance by will is at stupid sixes and sevens. It is not every claim of duty which a testator is permitted to neglect.

By force of law a large part of his property, amounting in the case of very rich estates to as much as 40 per cent., is seized by the State in the shape of death duties; wrested towards the upkeep of the Army, Navy and Air Force, public education and maintenance, old age and widows' pensions.

Think of it. The law of this land compels a man of property to contribute through taxation to the care and culture of other people's children, but it makes no stipulation that he shall provide for his own after his death.

It forces him by means of the estate duty to contribute towards pensions for other men's widows, but lays him under no obligation to protect his own wife from destitution and hunger.

It was a distinguished English judge, the late Baron Brampton, who said: "The English law of wills is perhaps the most backward department of our jurisprudence. It goes back to the Dark Ages, permitting men to neglect the claims of their nearest relatives, preferring distant strangers.

"It allows a man's estate to be devoured by strangers at the expense of his kindred; but, until the law is altered, the judges have no choice but to administer it, albeit with reluctance and regret that such things should be."

Honest people tempted

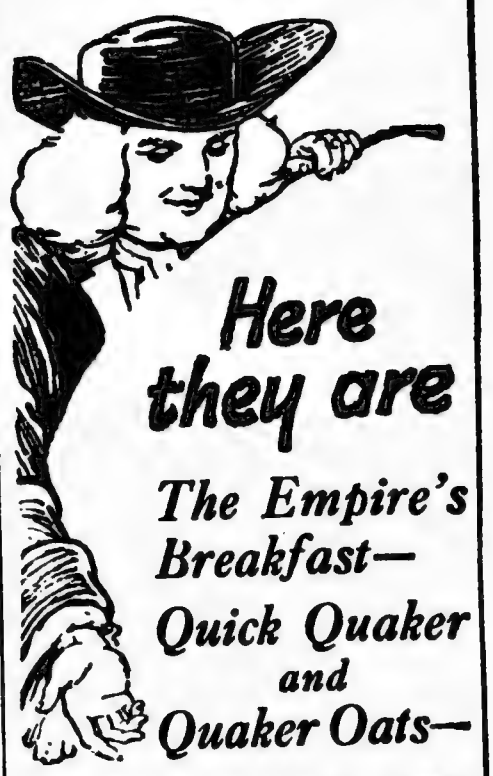
There have been cases in which wives have been charged with concealing or destroying their husbands' wills, their object being to hide unjust and unnatural dispositions of property which would have left them without a penny in the world.

The real offender is the obsolete and unjust Wills Act, the unreformed testamentary law of England, which tempts honest people to subterfuge as a means of escape from intolerable wrongs.

It needs some earnest reformer, a Member of Parliament with a sense of public duty, to do for this "most backward department of our jurisprudence" what Romilly and Bentham did for the criminal law, make it "no longer a disgrace to a civilised people."

IS XMAS OVER?

Yes—but there is still plenty of fun left in "John Bull's" Xmas Annual—6d.



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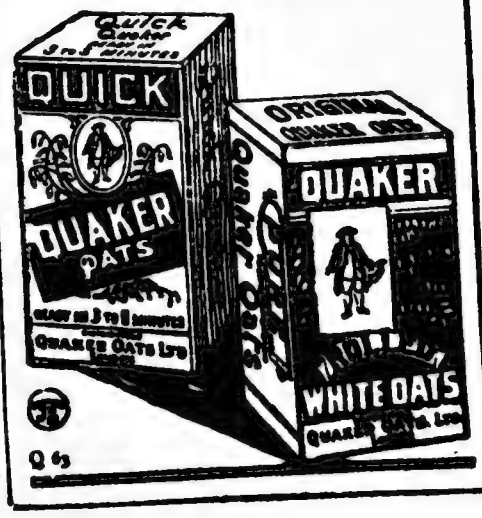

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CORNS?

The Best step to take

is a foot-bath with—

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No more sore, tender, tired, aching and swollen feet. Weak arches, corns, callouses, blisters, or any other bad foot troubles soon go. The thick hardened skin of which corns and callouses are composed, contains no nerves or blood-vessels. In fact, the upper layers are dead. It is not the top that causes such pain. It is the little pointed part which extends down into the toe and presses on sensitive nerves. Cutting the top off or burning it off with caustic liquids and plaster is wasting time and is dangerous. Instead of such temporary expedients, soak your feet in the "Saltrates" water, prepared by dissolving a handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a gallon of hot water. This will dissolve the oil and sebaceous matter from hardened, calloused, and "corny" skin, leaving it so soft that corns are easily picked out, root and all.

1/6 REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

HEADS FOR SALE!

by the Rev. H G. WILKS, M.A.

BRAINS and "brass" do not always go together. But it is a poor outlook for the lad with brains whose parents have not much of this world's goods. It is time that better provision was made so that the best brains are not wasted, but used for the country's service

"IF that poor devil had ever had a dog's chance, he'd have been drawing a four-figure salary by now."

Thus spoke the surveyor of a northern burgh to a Government official as they stood watching the retreating figure of the head foreman who had just left them with a sound and practical solution to a difficult problem.

The tragedy of brains without brass appears now to be fully realised by the scholastic profession.

A challenge, clear and direct, rang from the Conference of the National Union of Teachers at Margate this year. It sounded like the resurrected Voice of Justice — long lain dormant.

"What is this country prepared to do for children with A1 intellects, born of parents with C3 purses?"

The presidential plea of Mr. Fred Mander was based on sound statesmanship.

Missing opportunities

A child's choice in life should depend upon his or her ability to *learn* rather than on the parent's ability to *earn*. There's an "L" of a difference!

"Give us an educational system suitable for a practical nation, and not a theoretical department!" Such a "gem" falling from the chair deserved the thunderous applause it drew. Devoted parents of the small earning classes repeat a loud "Amen."

The thrill of laudable idealism passes, and in turn we pass to the real difficulties which handicap ambition and brains among the children of the working classes.

As a pit-village parson, and a manager of the local primary school, I see matters at close quarters.

Brains and ambition abound among the children of the mining community. Opportunity to make use of such qualities is unfortunately invariably lacking.

"But the free and open scholarships to the secondary schools?" query the theorists in mild protest. True enough, such scholarships are available; but just listen to the "snag."

A good percentage of these scholarships are won by the children of teachers themselves. This is not difficult to explain.

No job for "dad"!

To obtain a scholarship at the age of twelve usually entails a fair amount of individual attention on the part of the teacher and "home-work" on the part of the child.

The child of the working class may be admirably equipped mentally, but he cannot hope for much direction in his home studies.

When "dad" has done a shift at the coal-face, he doesn't feel quite up to tackling the intricacies of vulgar fractions: moreover, his knowledge of mathematics is limited in a severely practical fashion. It takes precious little effort to reckon up his weekly pay-rate.

Assuming the working-class lad, in spite of initial handicaps, gains a

The Rev. H. G. Wilks, M.A.

three years' course at the secondary school. What frequently happens?

In many cases application is made that he may leave when he reaches the age of fourteen. Why?

His parents need him to help to augment the family purse.

Dodging the teasers

I admit that some local authorities allow maintenance grants to needy cases—to enable the lad to complete his secondary course—but I am looking still further ahead.

Even if the lad manages to complete his three-year course of higher education, does the door of further opportunity move on easy hinges? The answer is once more supplied by a review of hard facts.

Assume such a lad is keen to become a medical man. Scholarships from secondary school to the Universities *are* available—but lamentably few in number. Competition is fierce and the standard high.

It is quite conceivable that many a lad from the masses, eminently fitted by character and native intelligence to become a conscientious medico, might fail to satisfy the requirements of a searching examination upon general subjects, which is the customary method of selection.

I hasten to my point.

How many medical men would ever have reached the status of registered practitioners if the passing of a competitive scholarship examination had constituted a *sine qua non* at the outset? Precious few, I'm convinced.

Again inability to dodge round "academic teasers" is no sure proof of inferior grey matter.

Opening the door

The educational world, in selecting recruits to the ranks of its own professions, recognises the value of general character. The human element is not neglected.

It is possible for a boy or girl, on leaving the secondary school, to enter a teachers' training college on recommendation alone. An entrance examination must be passed, but not on the competitive basis.

The path of the student without financial means is smoothed by a system of monetary grants, which are made on the understanding that when he or she becomes a duly qualified and wage-earning teacher, the loan shall be repaid by convenient instalments.

Thus have the teachers carried out among themselves the idealistic theory of "equality of opportunity."

Why cannot the Ministry of Education throw open the door in like fashion to brains and ambition in other walks of life? A little pruning at Whitehall would easily pay for the "open sesame."

Quite apart from local rate contributions, the vast sum of over £53,000,000 is the estimate required for educational purposes in this country. Where *does* it all go?

A matter of justice

School staffs are being driven to the verge of hysteria by an army of inspectors who specialise in stunts and rockets.

Sustained, steady progress in elementary schools is daily becoming more difficult. One patent fact stands out in bold relief: this country is losing a vital asset—the services of first-rate brains from among the working classes.

Stones are moved from the path of the youth of mediocre ability who by chance is backed by his parent's bank balance. He can climb the ladder to "professional qualification" on the rungs of a "pass" standard.

Not so in the case of the low-wage earners' lad. Can the voice of national conscience admit the justice of it all?

£5 for a Postcard

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OVER 14,000 chemists stock and push ASPRO—the All-British medicine tablet that has conquered two hemispheres by its healing, pain-soothing and illness-dispelling powers. Doctors appreciate its standard purity—quick action—and speedy disintegration—also its hygienic "Sanitape" system of packing. Dentists appreciate its value in the surgery. Nurses eulogise it—the testimony of the great public, the users, who send in frank and open letters of appreciation, proves its claims. ASPRO has demonstrated that it is THE MEDICINE FOR EVERY HOME for use in numerous emergencies, from child to parent. LEADING CHEMISTS are displaying ASPRO window shows all over England. They report that they have only to put an ASPRO show in the window to double and treble their sales. WHILE ASPRO LIVES IT GROWS—because what IT CLAIMS to do, it DOES DO quickly—efficiently—safely, without creating a craving, without affecting the heart—without causing nausea or digestive troubles. ASPRO is just a big healing, pulsating, soothing influence which does its work swiftly and lets the patient get about his or her business. Never before in the history of medicine has such value been given FOR 6d.—such variety of use—such quick and definite results. ASPRO SOOTHES YOUR PAIN and then DISPELS OR DISSOLVES THE CAUSE that created it. If you need proof

Just read these letters :-

Pain Goes Rest Comes L. Jackson, of Commercial Road, London, E., writes to tell us that his daughter, who suffered with nervous headaches, felt relief as soon as she began to take ASPRO. Had a good, comfortable night's rest.

Gout Goes S. Price, of Wimbledon, suffered agonising pain from gout. Feet too swollen to stand. Took four ASPRO tablets and in ten minutes was able to get to bed. Another dose brought peaceful sleep and by morning inflammation had gone.

Neuralgia Stopped H. Poynter, of Hackney, while suffering from Neuralgia had four teeth extracted to no effect. One ASPRO tablet gave instant relief, and after taking a 6d. packet all pain ceased. "Had I known of them before my teeth would have been saved," he writes.

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Two simple methods of giving ASPRO to the kiddies are: A, with a little milk; or B, break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dosage is: children 3 to 6 years, ½ tablet; 6 to 14 years, one tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablet.

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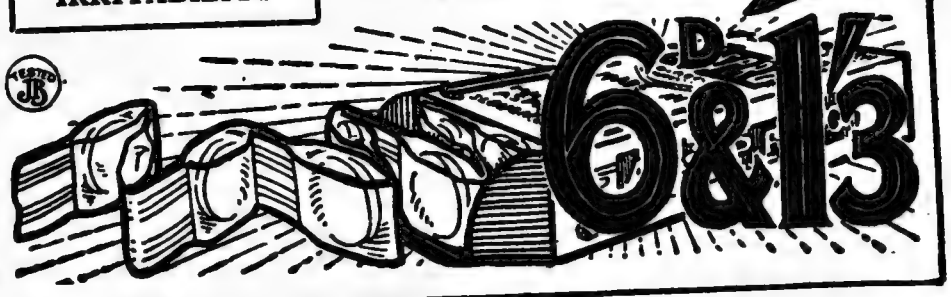

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A DAILY BETRAYAL

by MAJOR T. H. HAGUE (*Secretary-General, National Union of Limbless ex-Service Men*)

HIS name is inscribed on no Roll of Honour; no pæans of praise extol his memory; yet not a day passes but some obscure hero, unknown and often unwept, passes on to his Great Reward. He, too, has died for England

TWELVE years ago a bonny, strapping lad left his humble home in one of the poorest parts of South London to don the khaki and fight for his country.

After a boyhood spent in dreary surroundings, with the demon of poverty overshadowing his young life, it is not difficult to imagine the eagerness with which he, like so many others, set out upon what, to him, was nothing less than a great adventure.

One had to take risks, of course, but it was all part of the game, and "joining up" had its compensations. It meant regular pay, good food, a smart uniform and, by no means least, a good word from everybody—for, as you probably remember, we were mighty proud of those "splendid young dare-devils," weren't we?

Besides, if "the worst came to the worst"—and it wouldn't in his case, of course—there was really nothing to worry about. The nation's leaders had pledged their word that those who suffered for their country should be well looked after.

The greatest fight

At every street corner mealy-mouthed tub-thumpers, secure in the knowledge that they themselves were—"unfortunately"—above the age-limit for military service, scattered promises right and left that when the war was over the "boys" who fought should not be forgotten.

And so they went in their thousands—many, like this Lambeth lad, from very humble homes. Their mothers, with smiles on their faces, but with fear and dread clutching their heart-strings, "kept the home fires burning" till their lads came home.

Hell in the trenches was ended for Frank by a bullet which shattered his leg, making it necessary for the limb to be amputated.

The greedy dogs of war, however, were not content with one limb and a shattered constitution. The greatest fight of all was yet to come.

Slowly but surely, possibly as a result of exposure in the trenches, the symptoms of that terrible scourge, consumption, which has claimed so many victims since the war, appeared.

National discredit

Lack of proper nourishment and, possibly, need of fresh air and sunshine made Frank an easy victim, and after a year's brave fight in one of London's great hospitals he was discharged as incurable.

He returned to a poverty-stricken home where his pension of 24s. per week barely sufficed to keep body and soul together, let alone provide him with those little "extras" which, without doubt, were the necessities of life to him.

The mother's appeals for help met with scant response, but that is not on *my* conscience, for I didn't know of Frank's plight till a few days ago. War is a devilish game, and I am sure the devil laughed the day this broken lad, sick unto death, was admitted to the infirmary.

A few evenings ago I received a letter from the distracted mother telling me of the terrible struggle of the last two years, and, worst of all, the cry from her breaking heart that her poor lad "has not been able to have what he ought to have had." Could anything be done, even at the eleventh hour?

When, after a hurried journey, I saw Frank's mother she had just received a message from the infirmary. The Lambeth lad had that day passed on to his peace.

Major T. H. Hague

• • •

The Poor Law authorities did their best, and not a word can be said against the way they did their duty, but it reflects little credit on this England of ours that she allows those who fought for her in her hour of need to end their days in a workhouse infirmary.

My visit was not in vain, for thanks to a splendid grant from "The Greatest of These—" Fund of JOHN BULL, supplemented by help we were able to give, the broken body of one of England's heroes was laid to rest with the respect it had so nobly won.

The Sentence of the Court

"JIX" HANGS FIRE

Cotton-wool and Smoked Glasses

WEARING a pair of heavily-smoked glasses, and with great tufts of cotton-wool protruding from his ears, Sir William Joynson-Hicks hobbled to the dock and asked permission to take a chair as he was suffering from general "debility."

This request being ignored, Mr. Watchdog, K.C., explained that the charge was one of a distressing character. The prisoner, it was claimed, had been guilty of wilful neglect of an obvious duty.

"Most people have already been shocked at the news that a former public hangman is not only going to make his appearance on the stage at a place of 'amusement'"—he used the word advisedly—"but is actually to reproduce all the gruesome stock-in-trade of his unpleasant profession.

"Doubtless there were many who will gloat upon seeing a condemned man portrayed to the life upon the stage, and doubtless an added relish will be added to their morbid taste in the knowledge that the actor who pinions the stage victim and conducts him to the real gallows (specially erected upon the stage) has often performed the same grim duties in real life.

"There are others," he added, "and I like to think that they constitute the majority, who look aghast upon such undesirable exhibitions.

"These facts," proceeded Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "have been brought to the notice of the prisoner, in his capacity as Home Secretary, on the floor of the House of Commons.

"But while Sir William had been forced to admit that the practice of enacting a public execution upon the stage was 'not seemly,' he has professed that he is quite powerless and that he does not see how anything could be done to stop it.

"In my opinion," concluded Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "the foregoing is tantamount to a confession, and the prisoner stands self-condemned."

• • •

Mr. Strawsplitter said that he could not understand the importance that was being attached to this case. He seemed to remember in his childhood days seeing penny peepshows in which all the circumstances of a public hanging were enacted by puppets in miniature.

"It may be," he interposed, "that some of the people now in this court know the kind of thing I mean."

He had been informed, he added, that such contrivances still existed upon piers at popular watering-places, and afforded the modern child infinite amusement and pleasure.

If children were allowed such pleasures on a small scale, he saw no reason why grown-ups should not enjoy the same privilege on a scale more in keeping with their intelligence.

• • • •

"I am glad that learned counsel has mentioned 'intelligence,'" observed Mr. Justice Bull, "for it is clearly a lack of that quality which sees his client now in the dock.

"On the question of morbid tastes I prefer to say nothing beyond observing that if the prisoner had only kept his eyes as wide open in facing realities as his counsel admits having done in regarding the sham, his own behaviour would have been more 'seemly.' As it is, however, he has chosen to close his eyes to a shameful scandal.

"In his position as Home Secretary the prisoner holds an office of authority. He also holds an office of trust. It seems to me that he has betrayed the latter in belittling the former!

"My sentence in this instance is that Sir William be forced to participate nightly in the lurid performances he has not thought fit to stop.

"And as he has shown a marked preference for passive parts, I decree that he shall be cast for the rôle of 'the body.' After a few long drops he will probably awaken to a sense of his responsibilities."

Words Winged to Women

PRIGS AND PREJUDICE

by MABEL HORNER

"BOTH, heirs to some six feet of sod, are equal in the earth at last . . . both children of the same dear God . . .," wrote Lowell of rich and poor men's sons. If all mistresses remembered the same great truth, the New Year 1928 would see the problem of domestic service solved

THIRTY years ago a little girl of fifteen went out to her first place. Her name was Ellen Gates, and she became a domestic servant in the vicarage of Ivinghoe. And there she remained, faithful and trustworthy, loving and beloved, until her death, which took place recently at the age of forty-five.

Such constancy is none too common in these days. It is pleasant to know that it has not passed unnoticed. A memorial tablet to the memory of Ellen Gates has just been placed in the parish church of Ivinghoe, and the Bishop of Buckingham himself took the dedication service.

It was hearing of this that reminded me of the many letters I have recently received from servants and those who, reading these articles from time to time, think I do not know enough about domestic service from the servant's side.

They are wrong. In my album of memories are many sweet and kindly faces whose owners have now passed beyond the veil, but who in this life had neither reluctance nor false pride to call themselves "servants." They were that and something more.

Work that is never done

For what better can any human being in this difficult world be than a firm, trusted friend to another? They were counted as members of the families that employed them and responded in kind.

Happily, I know many to-day of whom the same things could be said, but I must turn, with a rather sad heart, to the other side. This is revealed in the letters I have received.

"My experience," writes one woman, "is that girls who sleep in are never done work. When I was single I was a barmaid. We had to be in the bar at 5.30 a.m., and though we had four hours' rest in the middle of the day, the bars never closed until 12.30 a.m. By the time all was washed up and every glass cleaned it was generally two in the morning before we saw bed."

Stringent regulations as to drinking hours have, of course, altered such extreme conditions as those. The case is cited in order to point out the moral that every kind of domestic service does need regulation.

Councillor Lily Thorpe

For although the plight of barmaids may be better to-day than when this correspondent was a single girl in such service, the complaint that the work of indoor servants is never done holds good, unfortunately, in far too many cases.

"When I am supposed to be finished," writes another correspondent, "the mistress has 'just another little job that must be done,' or she has unexpected friends to supper, and she must have service at table and the clearing up afterwards."

Another girl tells me that when "the family go out to late entertainments she must sit up to let them in and lock up the house afterwards," and that, although it is often the small hours before she reaches bed, "she must be up at the usual hour next morning to start fires, clean boots and clear up generally before getting the breakfast."

Where a family can afford several servants each may have any duty assigned for which one likes to engage and the other to pay for, but to put the work of a retinue of servants on one poor little over-driven "general" is disgusting.

In such cases the man who can't lock up his own house and clean his own boots is either an unmitigated prig or a fool, possibly both. So are men who require a "general" to draw the bath-water and do jobs of personal service, when she has more than enough to do with the cooking and housework.

Getting their deserts

"Some mistresses," declares another maid, "think the hiring of a 'general' means the end of every bit of work for themselves. From the moment the 'girl' arrives they sit down and do nothing and even require waiting upon."

One can only repeat that such women do not deserve good service, and what they do deserve they generally get.

It is a great evil that the idea has gained ground that a woman somehow gains in social status by being able to hire the daughter of another woman to work for her. This is sheer snobbery and would be beneath notice but for one thing.

It leads to many women engaging "maids" for the sake of appearance who cannot afford it and who would be a thousand times healthier doing their own housework.

There are those constantly at work to put domestic service on the basis of an organised and insured trade, and I wish them success.

Meanwhile the case of Lily Thorpe, who at twenty-two years of age has become a town councillor without giving up her domestic service, proves there are mistresses who manage to solve the difficulty without any outside aid.

They remember that the domestic assistant is a human being with hopes and aspirations like themselves. They give love and consideration and get it back, tenfold, in return.

OUR GREAT INSURANCE TRIUMPH

And Another Wonderful Gift

RING out the old! Ring in the new! There is a keen feeling of exhilaration in the coming of a New Year. We do not believe in the pessimist who feels no thrill in it. He is a miserable fellow, a churl, a misanthrope.

We like the man who, while he puts the past behind him with all its sorrows and mistakes, faces the future with cheerfulness, and puts his back into making the world a better place.

God knows there has been enough of troubles in the past year. Many of them have come from unemployment, but others from causes no man can prevent. Some of the worst storms within living memory have lashed the country with their fury. Sickness has taken heavy toll of both the fit and the unfit. Fire has claimed its many victims.

Not found wanting

There have been an unusually heavy crop of those extremely painful domestic accidents that lay the housewife aside and are able to bring the happiest and best-ordered home to a standstill.

In the midst of this anxiety and turmoil JOHN BULL's Great Free Insurance Gift has been a bulwark, a very refuge of strength to thousands of harassed, troubled housewives. Throughout the whole difficult year of 1927 the JOHN BULL scheme has proved equal to every emergency.

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Friendly basis

It remembers how even the casual leaving about of a pail or a dustpan may cause a fall with the serious result of a fractured leg.

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Even during the year just closed more than 6,000 registered readers have received cheques. And don't overlook this—the same protection if taken out in the form of a policy through an insurance company would have cost each such reader at least 25s. a year.

There is still another pleasant side to all this. JOHN BULL's Free Insurance Gift is a real gift from JOHN BULL to its registered readers.

From first to last, everything is conducted on a simple, friendly basis, with the human note in evidence all the time. Readers who have already benefited appreciate this to the full.

"I have showed my cheque to many people just to convince them that you practise what you preach," writes one, "and I shall do my utmost to increase the sales of the most genuine paper, JOHN BULL."

"It is nice to be a reader of a paper that takes such an interest in its readers," declares another. "It's a case of 'Thank goodness, I signed,'" declares a third.

Such letters reach us every day. We are as glad to receive them as we are proud to announce that all the generous benefits we offered in 1927 will be continued in 1928.

Now's the time!

It will make the New Year brighter to know that you are provided for against these recurring risks of everyday life. Why not sign the registration forms on page 2 now? Two minutes' trouble will make 1928 a care-free year.

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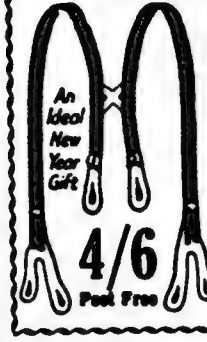

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Lost Identity—The Other Woman—Disgraceful Deception

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"WHEN I was a young man of eighteen my dear mother died, and soon afterwards I accepted a position abroad. As soon as I had settled down, I started to send my father each month as much as I could spare from my salary, asking him to bank it for me.

"At the end of six years I had in this way set aside a considerable amount, and I returned home with the intention of investing the money in a small business with hopes in time of achieving independence.

"When I greeted my father I could not help noticing that there was a strange restraint in his manner, which was explained in a way which saddened my home-coming terribly.

"My father confessed rather shamefacedly that almost all the money I had sent him to bank for me had disappeared.

"He had spent some of it in self-indulgence with companions who were better off than he was, and the rest had gone in gambling on horse-races to try to make good the deficiency.

"YOU can imagine how I felt at this sudden blow to all the hopes that had inspired me during my long exile from home. Not only were my prospects of a comfortable independence shattered, but the plans I had made for an early marriage to the girl who had waited for me for so long had to be abandoned.

"I could scarcely control my anger and I had to ask my father to leave me until I was sufficiently calm to decide what to do.

"Well, 'Humanist,' I forgave him. There was still a little left of the wreck he had made of my savings, and he promised that he would work hard to help me to recover the remainder.

"My father has not kept his word. From the moment he felt assured of my forgiveness he lapsed into loose ways and made no attempt at restitution. In a word he has made me repent of my forgiveness.

"Daily I am torn between conflicting thoughts. At night I lie awake feeling that nothing can satisfy me but to prosecute him for the wrong he has done me, and then I seem to hear a gentle voice like my dead mother's pleading with me to be patient and forgive. Please tell me what to do."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your father should, of course, make restitution so far as it lies in his power to do so, but you will never know peace of mind if you allow vindictive thoughts to obsess you. Answer the gentle pleading of your dead mother's voice and make your forgiveness full and complete. I hope this season of peace to men of good will will find you putting aside all thoughts of vengeful action.*

• • •

Unknown Wanderer

"I WONDER if you can help a man who appears to have lost touch with his past. I am not romancing. It is a tragedy for me. All that I know of myself is that at present I am working for 3s. a day and the use of a van to sleep in.

"I came here a few weeks ago and previous to this all that I can remember is a fruitless search for work, sleeping at times under hayricks, or in empty buildings or seeking shelter in casual wards.

"Who or what I am I do not know, neither can I remember how long I have been wandering in this fashion.

"I realise that I know a little of several occupations, but whether I know enough of any particular trade to be able to get a living at it I have had no chance to find out, as I am just a labourer with pick and shovel here.

"At night I dream of people and places that seem to me familiar, but with the morning the memory fades and I find myself back in a world of cloudy uncertainty.

"I judge my age to be about thirty, but I cannot remember my proper name, and I chose the one I am using now haphazard. I should be very grateful if you could help me in any way."

"HUMANIST" says: *If your sad condition is due to your having suffered a lapse of memory, I strongly advise you to report yourself to the nearest police-station, where it is possible they may have particulars of a young man answering to your description who is being anxiously sought by his relatives. If you cannot by this means ascertain your identity you must console yourself with the reflection that a man's origin matters little if he earns the respect of his employers and fellow-men.*

• • •

Bid for Freedom

"I HAVE a husband whom I love dearly and a darling little boy three years old. People might imagine that I ought to be one of the happiest women in the world. If they knew the truth they would realise that I am one of the most miserable.

"I had not been married long before I made the discovery that my husband's great failing is his inconstancy. After nearly six years of married life, I find that being married to me has not restrained him from falling in love with other women.

"My husband now tells me that he has met another woman for whom he has more affection than for me and who loves him in return.

"He makes no secret of his desire to have his freedom, for he tells me he is prepared to give me evidence for a divorce, and if I will agree to institute proceedings he will in return set me up in business in a small shop so that I shall have means of support for myself and the child.

"When I explain to him that having loved him and been faithful to him for so long I cannot willingly give him up to another woman, he makes light of the matter and tries to assure me that I would soon forget all about him.

"What can I do, placed in such a terrible position?"

"HUMANIST" says: *If your husband is so inconstant and regardless of his marital obligations as you say, I am afraid your problem will sadly solve itself, for you have no means of holding him to you against his will. His bid for freedom is so callous that the loss of such a husband should occasion you little regret. Why try to retain a man for whom you must have lost all respect?*

• • •

1928

YOU may make 1928 a Year of Grace indeed, by subscribing to "The Greatest of These—" Fund, so that we may take heart of grace to carry on. (See p. 34.)

Shameful Secret

"FOR some time a friend of mine, a young man in the twenties, has been walking out with a young woman who is in domestic service, and he often speaks to me of marrying her.

"I am myself engaged to be married to a girl who knows something of this other girl's history, and one day she asked me to promise not to tell anyone a secret which she wanted to confide in me.

"I gave my word and found out that the girl my friend is courting is really a married woman whose husband is serving in the Army abroad, and that she is simply posing as single in order to get the poor fellow to give her a good time until her husband comes home again.

"He takes her about, paying for all her amusement, and gives her presents and things to put aside for the home, and she has told my girl that when her husband is due back she will just pick a quarrel and finish with the courtship.

"I feel I ought to tell my friend of the way he is being deceived, but my girl says now she is sorry she told me and that if I do so she will break with me."

"HUMANIST" says: *It is a shameful secret either to keep or to confide, and I think you should ask your girl to release you from your promise. If she would break with you on account of your warning your friend, she can have little affection for you, and she is tacitly assisting in a disgraceful deception.*

• • •

Workhouse Child

"Having no home at the time, I was compelled much against my will to leave my child in the workhouse. Now that I have a home for him the guardians refuse to let me have him and will not give any reason. How can I get my little boy?"

"Humanist" says: *Generally speaking, when guardians assume the control of a child, they do so in the child's own interest. The only thing you can do is to apply in the local court for the custody of your boy, when the guardians will have to give their reasons for not acceding to your request.*

Work and Wage

"After being out of work for a long time, I gave my age as nineteen to get a job, although I am twenty-three. I got the job, but the pay is only 29s. a week and I feel I am worth double. What can I do?"

"Humanist" says: *If you were willing to misstate your age as nineteen to get a job, you must be prepared to accept the wages of a lad of that age. The only alternative is to tell your employers the truth when, if they consider you worth it, they may be willing to pay you more.*

Bleak Future

"As a widow I have brought up my twin boys well, sending them to a public school at great sacrifice to myself, but I find my resources exhausted sooner than I expected. How can I explain to them that their prospects are so different from what they have always been led to believe?"

"Humanist" says: *Unless the money you have spent in giving your boys a public school education has been utterly wasted, they will have learned a sense of honour which will show itself in their attitude when they learn the truth. They will utilise their educational advantages to repay you for your sacrifices on their behalf.*

THE SALE
that all men wait for

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Every discriminating buyer must accept these wonderful offers, which occur only once a year, and *FOR 14 DAYS ONLY*. The materials from which these suits will be made to your order are from the finest Scottish, Yorkshire and West of England Woollen Mills, comprising an enormous range of cloths—Pin Heads, Whip Cords, all wool Tweeds, all wool solid Worsted Fast Dyed Blue Serges, Saxonies, Vicunas, etc. Remember that you can secure exactly what you want and obtain

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POPLAR	263, East India Dock Road
GRAVESEND	13/14, Milton Road
BRIGHTON & HOVE	66, George Street, Hove
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES	27, Market Place
SUTTON	163, High Street
GRAYS	71, High Street
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ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 34

INDIGESTION AND THE REMEDY.

If it's only indigestion that is troubling you, then your troubles can soon be ended, for, no matter how chronic your indigestion, the cause is sure to be excess acid in your stomach. Quite the quickest, safest and surest remedy for acid stomach conditions is 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which never fails to give relief, because it neutralises excess acid and prevents fermentation the moment it enters the stomach. Any doctor will tell you that there is no better remedy known for indigestion or similar acid-caused stomach troubles than 'Bisurated' Magnesia, and for this reason many of the biggest hospitals use it. Every chemist sells 'Bisurated' Magnesia in both powder and tablet form at 1s. 3d., and if you ever suffer with indigestion, gastritis, dyspepsia or heartburn, you will find this remedy unequalled for bringing quick relief.

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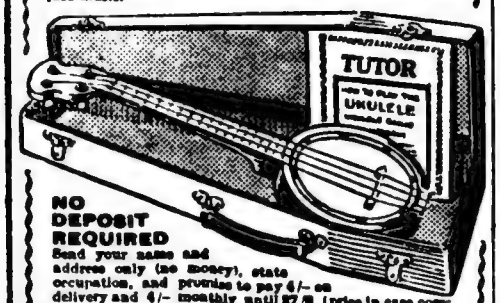

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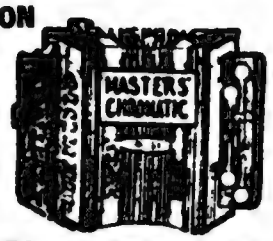

MASTERS Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, RYE

Our Letter Parliament

Hit on the Raw!

Heartbreaking Struggle—Silly Squabbling—Gambling with Life

MR. ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT (JOHN BULL, December 17) deserves the thanks of the girls of industry for his spirited defence of their morals. The virtue of the average working girl is too sacred to be in any way "easy." In thousands of homes, parental training, along with attendance at the churches and Sunday-schools of all denominations, has given them the moral touch which will need more than a reduction in the "dole" to take from them.—*Overlooker, Lancs.*

Honour Cheap!

I am glad that Mr. A. F. Holt has taken some of our M.P.s to task. Would the same M.P.s, if suffering hardships and severe trials, sell their honour? I hope not, or God help the country they are trying to rule! The world has altered, but the British working girls' morals are as good as ever.—*E., Leeds.*

Necessity's School

Your contributor rightly rebukes those M.P.s who imagine that virtue among the poor is a matter of shillings. Working-class girls, schooled of necessity from their earliest years in self-denial, can do with less of anything without danger to their morals than those of any class. Other social workers have confirmed my own experience of the wonderful self-respect of the poor.—*H. C., Brighton.*

A Rotten System

If Mr. A. F. Holt would go among the workers who have suffered years of continual unemployment and starvation he will find that all that Members of Parliament say will happen under the new Insurance Bill has already happened. No blame is attached to the poor unfortunates, but to the rotten system that has driven them to it.—*R. K., Lancs.*

Take It Back!

It would be interesting to see a reply from one of the M.P.s concerned to Mr. A. F. Holt's trenchant criticism of the amazing assertion that a small reduction in unemployment pay would drive working-class girls to the streets. If there is not, and I refuse to believe there can be, any justification for such an offensive imputation, it should be publicly retracted.—*H. G., Plaistow.*

The Real Culprits

That economic pressure is one of the chief causes of prostitution is the opinion of the majority of our most eminent sociologists. In agreeing with them the Labour M.P.s do not slander their class, because, knowing the cause, they do not blame them. They blame those who increase the economic pressure.—*W. J., Alexandria.*

Terrible Choice

While I am at one with Mr. A. F. Holt in resenting any attack on the moral chastity of the modern girl, there are, nevertheless, certain facts which must be faced sooner or later. If a girl cannot sell her labour, what else can she sell other than her virtue? The Government is at fault in subjecting girls, under the guise of economy, to any temptation of this character.—*A. B., Southampton.*

Breeders of Vice

Nowadays it is a truism that low wages and bad housing conditions breed vice, and, in face of this, the forced interpretation Mr. Holt reads into the Labour Party's opposition to the Unemployment Insurance Bill is frankly ridiculous. Whatever their faults, Mr. Kirkwood and his colleagues fight strenuously against attempts to degrade the workers further. —*P. J. C., Ladywood.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Wicked or Starving

Does Mr. A. F. Holt dare to assert that men like Mr. Kirkwood have less respect and pride in the honour of working girls than himself? Does he by inference contend that all the girls in the past and present on the streets are there because of naturally wicked inclination and that necessity has nothing to do with it? I, as a working man, say, "All honour to those who have protested."—*F. A., Southend.*

"Educated" Hooligans

What a different tale it would have been if the participators in the recent "Rags" had been young labourers and workmen. Would not the Riot Act have been read, the military called out, and a great use made of the expressions "hooligans," "organised gangs," and "young criminals?" Why the distinction?—*H. B. S., Sussex.*

Peace Anthem

As an important member of the League of Nations, Britain could set a good example by revising some of the verses in her National Anthem. It was composed at a time when the nation's ideals were far different from those which now animate the majority of people. What a fine gesture for any Government a "Peace Anthem" would be!—*H. T., Nuneaton.*

Breaking Hearts

I am employed at a colliery in Yorkshire that has only worked two days per week since February. We have been receiving partial unemployment benefit up to the present, but we are now told that our stamps are now exhausted and that must cease, unless they put us on extended benefit. This struggle is breaking the hearts of our wives, and the men are losing their self-respect.—*J. W., Pontefract.*

Printers' Pie

[*Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."*]

"SOUTH WALES DAILY NEWS":—"The charabanc was licensed to carry 14 passengers BUT 81 COULD BE SEATED IN IT COMFORTABLY."

"LIGHT CAR AND CYCLE CAR":—"Only one four-seater model is on view THIS BEING A TWO-SEATER priced £299."

"KIRKCALDY MAIL":—"An excellent portrait of —— will appear in the —— LAST WEEK."

"THE WHEATSHEAF":—"The Finest Porridge Food. Prepared from the choicest CATS grown in Scotland."

"BEDFORDSHIRE TIMES":—"Important Dispersal Sale. 31 registered red cows. . . . Catalogues with pedigrees of THE AUCTIONEERS, High Street, Bedford."

"EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS":—". . . Assoc. of Spiritualists . . . . . FIENDS wishing sittings with . . . please communicate at once."

"ABERDEEN PRESS AND JOURNAL":—"Wanted for meal mill, practical miller, WITH OR WITHOUT CROFT ATTACHED."

Better Work

Would not the country in general feel more contented if our Government showed more consideration to the unemployment problem, instead of squabbling about the new Prayer-book? Hungry bellies will not be favourably inclined to digest the old books that may be scrapped.—*G. P., Balham.*

Another Colour!

I notice that the Conservative Press is preaching a restriction of output as being necessary in industry to-day. Also the mineowners in Yorkshire, Derbyshire and Notts are pushing forward a scheme whereby each colliery will only be allowed to produce a certain tonnage according to a quota allotted to it. When the Miners' Federation suggested a similar means of relieving the situation, theirs was called "ca'-canny." Now?—*J. F. B., Mirfield.*

A Happy New Year!

As an old reader, I regard the satisfaction derived from JOHN BULL as one of the dying year's greatest favours. The persistent fight against fraud, injustice and tyranny, whether in high places or low, merits the warmest appreciation. Many who, like myself, emerged from the war a wreck, will be glad to agree with that. A Prosperous New Year to JOHN BULL is my sincere wish.—*M. E. F., Huddersfield.*

Paying Offence

In a case lately tried in London the captain of a Swedish steamer arrived at Hartlepool on one voyage with his load-line so deeply submerged that he earned £300 more in freight than if he had regarded the safety regulations. For this profitable offence he only had to pay a fine of £20 and £28 costs. Can anyone wonder why some grab-all shipowners risk being found out; but what of the lives of the crews?—*G. M., Linthorpe.*

They Know!

The mothers of this country should be thankful to Mr. E. Roffe Thompson for such an article as "Are You Condemned?" (JOHN BULL, December 17). We know what happened to our brothers and other mothers' sons through the despicable system of secret diplomacy involving us in the butchery of adventure called the Great War. I don't want my children to be slaughtered like cattle, and I pin my faith in JOHN BULL to make it impossible to get the nation to go to war again.—*M. A., Scotland.*

Short-sighted Mothers

Every woman reader will agree with Miss Mabel Horner (JOHN BULL, December 17). But those who are school-teachers in the poorer districts of the big cities can tell her a pitiful tale of neglected opportunities. It is a very common occurrence to have a child examined in the school clinic; free treatment is prescribed for it, and then the parent (generally maternal) utterly refuses to let the bairn take advantage of it. The mothers require education more than the children in some respects.—*H., Leeds.*

The Irony of It!

Reading in Col. Hutchison's article (JOHN BULL, December 17) the glowing account ultra-violet ray had upon boys from Sherwood Colliery, being a miner I smiled, not in ridicule, but the irony of it all. More apparent necessities are denied us—shorter hours, living wage, good housing, bathing facilities. Col. Hutchison is to be thanked for his experiments, but I do not envy him his endeavour to have this absolute human necessity generally adopted.—*E. F., Durham.*

Household

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MODERN AIDS TO HEALTH & COMFORT IN THE HOME

Ease, Efficiency & Economy

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SILVER·BRASS·COPPER·NICKEL

ALUMINIUM, etc. "Polmet" Polishing Cloths are guaranteed free from injurious chemicals. No metal polish, powder, or paste required. Ideal for the Home, Office, Garage, etc. Tested and Approved by "Good Housekeeping" and Modern Priscilla Institutes.

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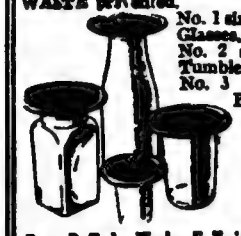

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£5 for a Postcard

FREE COMPETITION OPEN TO ALL READERS.

Take any three words out of each of these 6 advertisements and form a sentence which, in your opinion, best answers the question "Why must I equip my home with these Time, Labour and Money Savers?" The words selected may be used in any order, but above each word must be placed the number of the advertisement it has been taken from. Try your hand—it's easier than you think, and a bright answer may win you £5; besides, there are 10 consolation prizes. No Entrance Fee. Postcards only. Only one attempt must be written on each p.c., but send in as many efforts as you like. Address:—"Household" Competition, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Closing date, January 9th.

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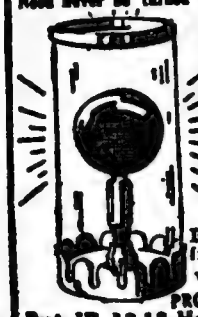

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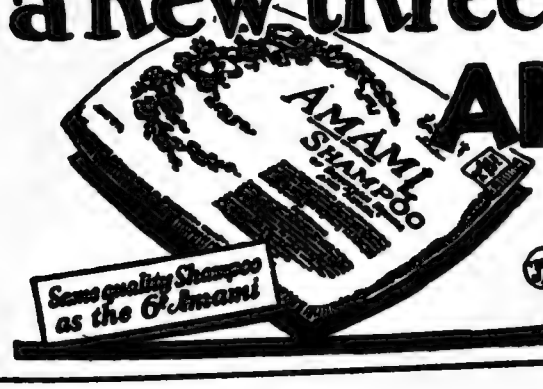
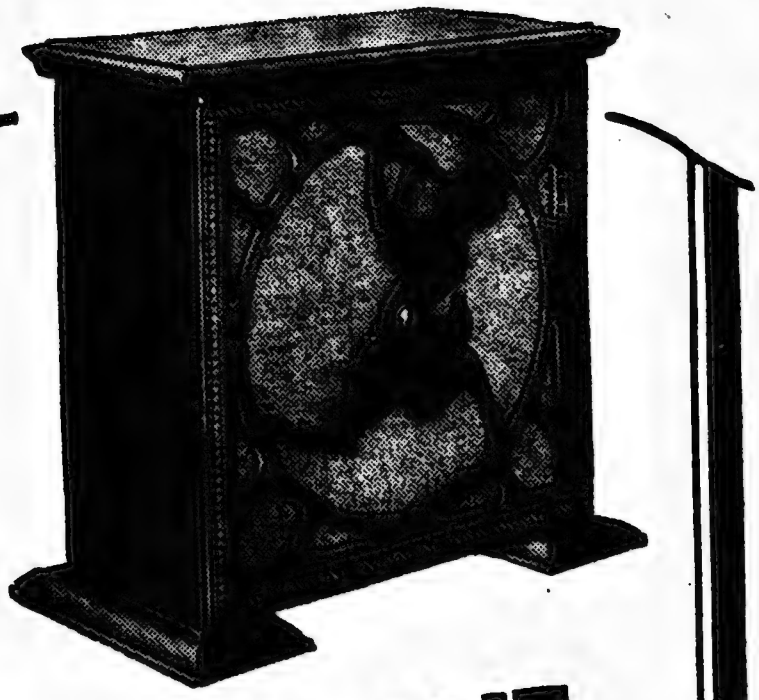
a new threepenny AMAMI



No. 1. Henna.
No. 5. Camomile.



IMPORTANT NOTICE

Langham Radio, of 59, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, have produced, in the Langham Portable, a genuinely self-contained Portable Receiver that is remarkable no less for its great range than for the perfection of its loud speaker reproduction.

So impressed are we with the widespread appreciation which this last quality has evoked from all sections of the Trade and Public, that we are now marketing a complete separate Langham Radio Speaker (Cabinet type), for use with any type of set.

It gives perfect reproduction, without harshness or distortion, of any transmission.

It can handle the large output of a fully-loaded power valve with ease, yet it is highly sensitive on the most lightly-loaded circuit.

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The scientific and manufacturing skill which have made the Langham Portable such a remarkable instrument are devoted to the production of this equally remarkable Radio Speaker, which is now in production.

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LOOKING FORWARD TO LINCOLN

Weights Due on Jan. 12—A Tell-Tale Table—Victory Races at Manchester—Alec Taylor's Great Feats—Renaming a Racehorse

AFTER a week of stagnation, thanks to Jack Frost's vicious bite at bookmakers and backers alike, the entries for the Lincolnshire Handicap come as a welcome ray of sunshine.

THE weights are due on Thursday, Jan. 12, and the acceptances exactly a fortnight later, but long before those dates the venturesome spirits will have put their little packets on such as The Mohawk, Orbindos, Fohanaun and Priory Park. They may click, but you know the old story of "the angels fearing to tread."

THERE is not much point in discussing the chance of any particular horse until the handicapper has played his part, but I think the table which I am giving below is of general interest. Compiled from 1900 it shows that the Carholme event usually goes to a four-year-old, but the six-year-olds show the best percentage.

Year	Rnrs.	3-y.o	4-y.o	5-y.o	6-y.o	aged
1900 ...	25	1	8	7*	5	4
1901 ...	28	5	10	7	5*	5
1902 ...	23	2	8*	7	4	2
1903 ...	20	1	11	5	2*	1
1904 ...	23	1	13*	6	3	1
1905 ...	18	1	11*	3	1	2
1906 ...	24	1	6	8*	8	1
1907 ...	24	—	12	6	3*	4
1908 ...	20	2	7	7	1*	3
1909 ...	23	—	12	6*	3	5
1910 ...	27	2	7	6*	10	2
1911 ...	32	—	19	5	4*	4
1912 ...	17	—	11	2*	1	3
1913 ...	22	—	13*	7	1	1
1914 ...	22	—	4	11*	4	3
1915 ...	23	1	15*	2	5	—
1916-17-18 no race.						
1919 ...	15	—	9	3	2*	1
1920 ...	29	—	17*	4	4	4
1921 ...	30	—	17*	7	3	3
1922 ...	32	—	17*	11	3	1
1923 ...	30	1	13	10	6*	—
1924 ...	27	—	14*	5	3	3
1925 ...	26	—	9*	9	5	2
1926 ...	26	1	9	8	4*	4
1927 ...	30	1	17	7*	3	2
	616	18	288	160	93	57

* Denotes age of winner in particular year.

3-y.o		4-y.o		5-y.o		6-y.o		aged	
R	W	R	W	R	W	R	W	R	W
18	0	288	10	160	7	93	5	57	0

WE shall know the Grand National horses next week (January 5), but from what I have heard, Sprig is again a popular choice with ante-post backers. Last March's hero has thrived throughout the summer, and is wonderfully well at the moment, but I would rather take 10 to 1 T. Leader's selected than 14 to 1 against the gelded son of Marco—Spry. The Newmarket trainer has a stable full of Aintree horses. We shall probably find, in addition to Sprig, that he has entered Mount Etna, Bright's Boy, Aisle, Shaun Or, and the lesser lights, Desert Chief and Sandy Hook.

T. Leader, the well-known Newmarket trainer

MANCHESTER opens the New Year with its two important "Victory" races, events which were appropriately inaugurated in 1919. The big 'chase is decided on the Monday and the hurdle race the following day. T. Leader trained the winner of both races last January, Shaun Or and Fortune's Smile, and he has hopes of bringing off another double success with Glen Falloch and Swift Rowland. Personally, I have greater faith in Spear o' War for the 'chase and Bynac for the event over the minor obstacles.

MR. F. BARBOUR'S stable at Bishop's Canning, Wiltshire, has already made its mark with Easter Hero, Koko and Kilnagross, and I shall be surprised if it does not pick up honours at Aintree with one of the trio. Koko had a go in 1925 and was brought down at Becher's when jumping splendidly. He gave the race a miss last March. There is plenty of time for Easter Hero and, as 'chasers go, Kilnagross—the property of Mr. Barbour's niece—is only a baby.

A FEW years ago Mr. Barbour trained his own horses in Ireland, and in those days his eyes were on the Grand National to such an extent that he had fences of the Aintree type erected on his schooling grounds. Later he brought a few horses, including Easter Hero, to England and placed them with Bickley, at Tarporley. And then he moved to Wiltshire and installed T. Pardy, an Irish trainer.

STUDENTS of the Book of Form should note that the juvenile hurdlers of 1927 become four-year-olds on January 1, and will be competing against each other in races of two miles instead of a mile and a half. As a result, form will often be upset. Killiá and Brown Jack should hold their own in four-year-old events, and I think that Eileandonan, 2LO and Dovedale will appreciate the longer journey.

A NUMBER of the patrons of Manton have made a presentation to Alec Taylor, which consists of a service of Georgian table silver. The antique salver bears the facsimile signatures of W. M. Singer, J. Reid Walker, E. S. Freeland, Sir Wm. Bass, M. Calmann, Lord Astor, E. Somerville Tattersall, Gerald H. Deane, W. M. Cazalet, Lady James Douglas and A. R. Cox.

THIS presentation is a mark of appreciation, on his retirement, to probably the greatest trainer of all times. Alec Taylor has been in supreme command of Manton since 1902, and since then he has won for his owners 929 races, worth just on £800,000 in stake-money.

HE led off with £2,305 in 1902, but in his second season his successes amounted to £18,700, mainly by the aid of the peerless Sceptre, who was acquired from Mr. Sievier by Sir Wm. Bass. Columns could be written about his feats. He won £81,000 with the two famous brothers, Lemberg (the 1910 Derby winner) and Bayardo, and headed the list of winning trainers in seven successive years, 1917 to 1923. In the season recently closed the "Wizard of Manton" had to play second fiddle to Frank Butters, but it was a close call and his forty-seven victories netted £55,196.

HE WILL ran sufficiently well behind Peace River and Ring Stealer at Gatwick to suggest that "he will" score again in the near future. Prior to the runaway victory of Nightingall's smart young hurdler at Windsor, few people, except those conversant with the features of the *Racing Calendar*, knew that the four-year-old was The Mohican re-named.

IN this connection a reader has suggested that by the simple expedient of re-naming a crack horse a clever stable might land a nice coup. There is not a thousand-to-one chance. To register the name of a horse at Weatherby's costs nothing, but for renaming the animal the owner pays a fee of £10, and the change of name must be published in the *Racing Calendar* three times before the horse is allowed to take part in a race.

BRAVE MAY—the 7 to 4 favourite—in Peace River's race at Gatwick, finished fourth, but lost second position owing to a blunder at the final obstacle. It is well worth bearing in mind that the connections of H. S. Harrison's mare had over a thousand pounds on her. When stables wager to that extent in these hard times it should be a good enough pointer for the small punter. Brave May is one to follow.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life*.

D J R G O U B C E K X V T 3

Y 2 I N H A S M Q F P L W Z

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line as the case may be. KRIBW CUNRM would read FIRST MAGIC.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, December 28, to Tuesday, January 3.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Chelsea, Leeds, Preston, Halifax, Motherwell, St. Mirren.
5 HOME.—Leicester, Manchester C., Swansea, Rochdale, Celtic.
4 HOME.—Leeds, Preston, Celtic, Motherwell.
3 AWAY.—Everton, Darlington, Plymouth.
3 DRAWS.—Birmingham v. Tottenham, Durham v. Bradford, Brentford v. Brighton.
3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Preston, Swindon, Motherwell, Everton, Sunderland.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—St. Mirren, Everton, Lincoln v. Doncaster.
SPECIAL 5 HOME (LEAGUES I. and II.).—Leicester, Liverpool, Chelsea, Leeds, Preston.

FORECASTS FOR JANUARY 7.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.
HOME WINNERS.—Aston Villa, Blackburn, Bury, Cardiff, Derby, Everton, Huddersfield, Manchester U.
AWAY WINNER.—Leicester.
DRAWS.—Sheffield Un. v. Arsenal, Tottenham v. Newcastle.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.
HOME WINNERS.—Fulham, Grimsby, Oldham, Reading, Wolverhampton.
AWAY WINNERS.—Notts Forest, Preston, Stoke.
DRAWS.—Blackpool v. Chelsea, Port Vale v. Manchester C., Southampton v. Leeds.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (NORTHERN).
HOME WINNERS.—Ashington, Barrow, Bradford, Crewe, Darlington, Doncaster, Stockport, Tranmere.
AWAY WINNER.—Accrington.
DRAWS.—Chesterfield v. Halifax, Nelson v Rochdale.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (SOUTHERN).
HOME WINNERS.—Bournemouth, Brighton, Bristol R., Charlton, Northampton, Plymouth, Torquay, Watford.
AWAY WINNER.—Exeter.
DRAWS.—Queen's Park Rangers v. Swindon, Southend v. Millwall.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
HOME WINNERS.—Hamilton, Kilmarnock, Queen's Park, Glasgow Rangers.
AWAY WINNERS.—Hearts, Motherwell, St. Mirren.
DRAWS.—Dunfermline v. Partick, Falkirk v. Celtic, Raith v. St. Johnstone.

For best reports on holiday sport read
"THE Sporting Life"
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Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary, and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you, entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill in the coupon below and post it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And, above all else, it HOLDS ALWAYS.

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Over 253,000 People have accepted this offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment, but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women, and children there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you?*

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured write to-day.

the high percentage of reliefs effected by its use is little short of miraculous.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance, and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we shall be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women, and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe, or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this NO-RISK TRIAL OFFER.

No other rupture support, truss, device, pad, or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction.

If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

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1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our price so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon *to-day.*

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Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

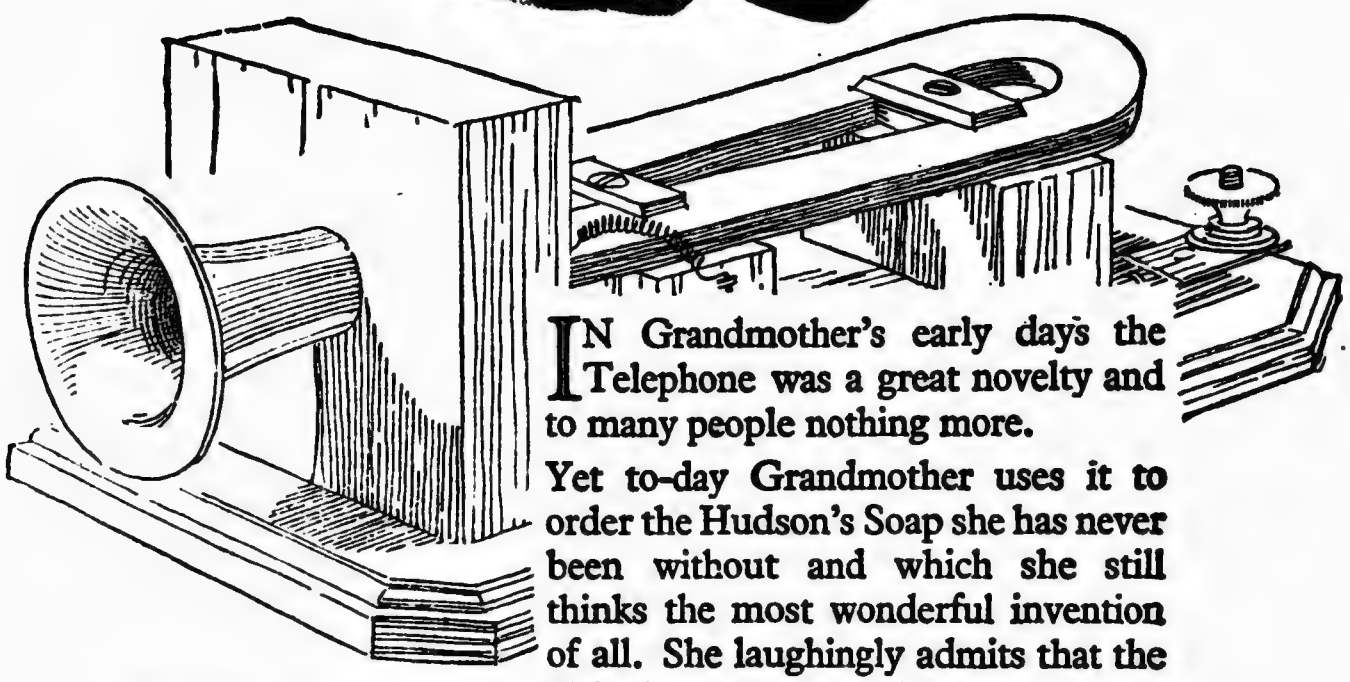
Name.....

Address.....

Please write plainly. .....

Send the free coupon to either the Manchester or London office whichever is more convenient.

THINGS GRANDMOTHER REMEMBERS



THE FIRST TELEPHONE

Alexander Graham Bell discovered the principle of the telephone in 1875 and in the following year made the first practical transmitting and receiving model illustrated here. All modern telephones embody this idea.

IN Grandmother's early days the Telephone was a great novelty and to many people nothing more.

Yet to-day Grandmother uses it to order the Hudson's Soap she has never been without and which she still thinks the most wonderful invention of all. She laughingly admits that the Telephone saves nearly as much time over messages as Hudson's Soap saves over the washing of clothes, paint and silver, but not quite, because Hudson's never goes wrong.

Hudson's still does more than its share of the work, and Grandmother's clothes are fresh and bright, her silver and paint-work gleaming and without a scratch.

Hudson's soap

IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE

GRANDMOTHER'S CHOICE *Still the Best*

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B. S. HUDSON LIMITED, LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON

JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

• • •

D. H. (Oldham).—"I sang a popular song." We guess it isn't now.

JANE (Radford).—"I don't look my age." You mean you overlook it?

C. N. (Derby).—"Ah, those good old days!" Oh, these bad old nights!

E. C. (Croydon).—"Blue eyes—weak will." Black eyes—weak defence.

E. N. (York).—"I gave him a bit of my mind." Man, you couldn't spare it.

M. N. (Sevenoaks).—"Thank goodness, I have my five senses." Then use them!

PACIFIST (Lincoln).—"Any fool can make war." The same sort of people seem to have made peace.

RED (Dundee).—"Communism is quite a sound policy." It certainly makes plenty of it.

B. N. (Sidcup).—"I have brains, insight and confidence." In other words, plenty of check.

M. S. (Scunthorpe).—"Most dancers insure their legs." Yet the legs of most dancers are uncovered.

YANK (Strand).—"I belong to God's own country." Sure that God's own country doesn't belong to you?

W. F. E. (Wavertree).—"Patience is the keynote of successful marriages." We thought it was dough.

L. E. (Neath).—"How do you like the new coin designs?" It's the designs on our notes we worry about.

F. O. L. (Wrotham).—"My wife is perfect." Write again when she isn't looking over your shoulder.

S. W. A. (Bristol).—"I lost my umbrella in the train." That's nothing. We lost the train.

M. D. (Rotherham).—"How can I find a house? I have six children." And now you have us.

B. B. (Cheetham).—"I am old and bent." We know people who are young and broke.

D. W. L. (Newquay).—"I have proposed three times and been refused." Don't you know when you're well off?

S. C. (Eltham).—"I am giving her a Kodak for a New Year's present—do you think it will please her?" Oh, yes—she's sure to be taken by it.

C. J. F. (Benfleet).—"From his unsteady gait I could tell that he had been drinking." Where there's a swill there's a sway

FLORENCE K. (Purley).—"My fiancé seems to like kissing the back of my neck." Hope it isn't so that he may tell someone else he hasn't kissed a girl before.

THE wisest New Year resolution you can make is to resolve to take advantage of JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service. Commence the New Year free from worry. To do so, send particulars (written in ink), of any trouble in which you may be at present, and the way to be free from anxiety will be pointed out by experts, specially engaged to help you.*

C. H. (Bolton).—"I am Winston Churchill's double." What a life!

L. I. (Beccles).—"Be up and doing." Or you'll be down and done.

E. M. (Finsbury).—"The doctor told me the worst." And how much was it?

W. Y. (S.W. 18).—"I am not myself." How lucky for you!

NELLIE (Cardiff).—"I have nothing to wear." How fashionable you must be.

R. C. (Goole).—"Poor old Phil Scott." He doesn't like the stars and swipes.

T. C. (Letchworth).—"I changed my mind." That was very necessary.

B. Y. (Cosham).—"I spilt the coffee over my wife's new cloth." And then you just listened.

M. L. (Brighton).—"Turkey will yet be the cause of trouble." Then stick to roast beef.

S. U. (Inverness).—"Women spend hours making themselves up." Yes! They put the toil into toilet, all right!

B. T. (Edgware).—"She's got the reddest hair I've ever seen." Does she use a lip-stick as an eyebrow pencil?

R. H. (High Holborn).—"I now have an automatic telephone." Our sincerest sympathy in your time of trouble.

COMEDIAN (Leeds).—"I'll tell you some of my panto gags." We don't collect antiques.

B. T. (Gosport).—"My loud speaker has disappeared." Perhaps she has gone home to mother.

A. E. (Enfield).—"The play I saw ended happily." We saw onethat ended—happily.

A. M. (York).—"I have been writing to you for years." Have you? It seems longer than that.

H. N. (Vauxhall).—"And, in conclusion, please destroy this letter." Why couldn't you say that at first?

G. M. (Tooting).—"In some of the new locomotives the driver and fireman sit down." Something of the sort may yet be done for passengers.

MRS. D. (Tollington Park).—"Girls were girls, Sir, when I was young." But they've naturally become old women by now.

D. J. (East Sheen).—"I always drive my car as if I expected a bigger fool than myself to come out of the next turning." Isn't that rather a big expectation?

LITIGANT (Strand).—"The lawyer made such a hash of my case that I could hardly contain myself." His hash evidently put you in quite a stew.

N. J. (Bewdley).—"The other night the cord broke and a heavy picture fell to the floor. What does that signify?" That a new cord was badly needed.

A. P. (Victoria).—"For two pins I wouldn't write to you again." We're rushing a packet to you by express delivery.

W. M. (Chester).—"Could I call on you and have a long friendly talk?" It would get less friendly the longer you stopped.

F. T. (Sydenham).—"What is the significance of the pawnbroker's three brass balls and their position?" Two to one against you getting out again what you have put in.

EVE (Blackwell).—"He loves me still." Well, try to keep still then.

B. N. (Bradford).—"Never trouble trouble." No, never woo woe.

P. F. (Stokesley).—"I am terribly in debt." Nothing to your credit.

N. I. A. (Exeter).—"Ask questions and learn." Be a live why-er!

C. H. (Chesterfield).—"The law gives what is due." And the lawyers get it.

PHOTOGRAPHER (Bath).—"I snapped her." She must have been slender!

L. W. (Lincoln).—"You accept nothing." We accept—the inevitable.

D. N. (Paddington).—"He's always running after the girls." Serve him right if one turns round and catches him.

H. M. (London, N.).—"She's over fifty and has a dreadful temper; but she's engaged." Who's the plucky man?

A. L. (Hackney).—"She owns the shop and does all the work." Every woman does not mind her own business.

R. B. (Margate).—"Most girls wear nothing but silk stockings." Shocking! Shocking!

H. N. (Luton).—"I was the first one at the party asked to sing." The idea, we suppose, was to get it over.

P. R. (Jarrow).—"As a young man I once dug three wells in a month." Well, well, well.

A N (Ealing).—"His face was drawn." Perhaps his banking account was overdrawn.

ACTOR (Finsbury).—"I have to consider my public." Which public do you frequent?

N. G. (Chatham).—"Did my last letter please you?" It did until we realised it wasn't.

T. R. (Scotland).—"I can't imagine what women see in afternoon tea." Sip and gossip.

A. B. (Chiswick).—"I never get any of the good things of life." You'll have a good selection if you win a *Bulletts* Hamper—and that £500 would buy them all.

H. C. (Lancaster).—"Whatever I tell my wife goes in one ear and out of the other." Which is much better than going out of her mouth.

MRS. D. (Bradford).—"I made my husband what he is." Then for heaven's sake keep it to yourself and don't take out a patent.

R. G. (Chadwell Heath).—"My wife came in just as I was trying if I could touch my toes." Is that the first time she's ever caught you bending?

M. N. B. (Wigan).—"I'll be master in my house when I'm married or know the reason why." Oh, you'll know the reason why all right.

MRS. N. (Norwich).—"Because it is healthier I intend to be cremated." Yet we'll wager you'll never be the same woman again.

B. H. (Bradford).—"My wife gave me a very sensible Christmas gift, a walking-stick with little flask concealed." Ah, it's the spirit that counts.

T. N. (Sunderland).—"Carols were first sung in the thirteenth century." Now we know why thirteen is considered unlucky.

S. K. (Dundee).—"The carol singers ran when I shouted." No "waits."

M. R. (Cowes).—"She dropped her bag." Ground bait!

MARY (Crewe).—"He says I'm a girl in a million." In several, Mary; he underestimates the population.

D. L. (Birmingham).—"Did I send you that funny one I heard the other day?" If it was funny you didn't.

S. R. P. (Huddersfield).—"Do you really think you are clever?" Were we frank, we shouldn't be modest.

G. L. (Reading).—"Is a man justified in changing his mind?" If he changes it for a better one.

AMY (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"I showed him what I was made of." You wore evening dress?

SCHOOLBOY (Sneinton).—"I am getting a new watch in the spring." We are getting a new spring in our watch.

L. T. (Bristol).—"I have been following one tipster all the season." Can't you catch the fellow?

W. N. F. (Birmingham).—"I married the woman who nursed me through my illness." That was a serious complication!

A. S. (Wetherby).—"In every country people make New Year resolutions." Except in Mexico, where they make New Year revolutions.

A. W. (Brondesbury).—"I always cross roads quite slowly, as I have no sense of fear." Leave out the last two words, and we can accept your explanation.

(*Many replies unavoidably held over*)

THE reason why all your neighbours now use Mullard P.M. Valves with the wonderful P.M. Filament is easily found—*ask them!* They know and so will *you* the moment you introduce even one Mullard Valve into your set. Amazing quality of performance and length of service have made Mullard radio universal radio.

When buying Radio—
buy Mullard.

Mullard
MASTER · RADIO

"The Greatest of These . . . .

A New Year's Motto

And a Message of Thanks

ONE of our subscribers has sent us the following well-known lines, which form an excellent motto for the New Year:—"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow-creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

May we now offer our grateful thanks to the many faithful subscribers to the fund during the past year, who have subscribed not once, but over and over again, until their initials or names or *nom de plumes* have grown dear and familiar to us.

In our next issue we hope to enumerate some of these. In the meantime, to everyone, we say, "Thank you"—and our best wishes for the New Year.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

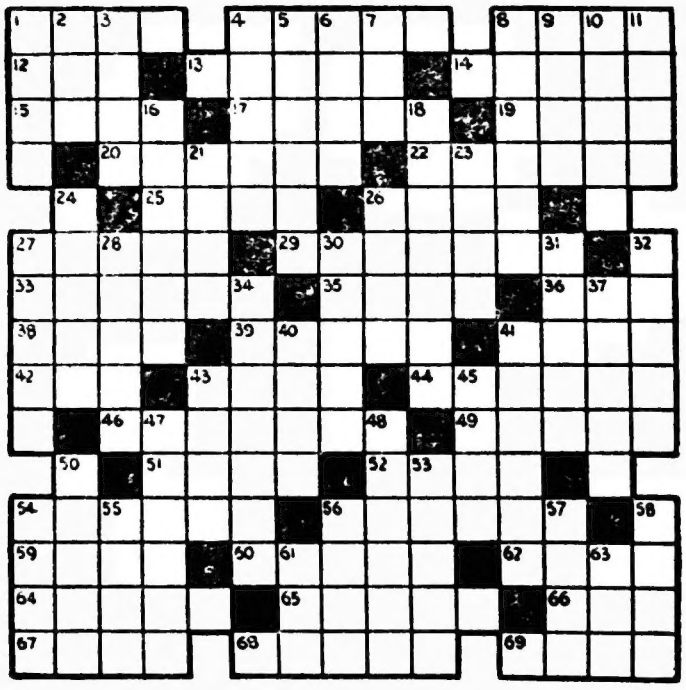
The Human Motto, 6d.; A Believer in Jesus Christ, 10s.; Rotsevlys, 2s.; A Well Wisher (W.I), 1s.; L. L. (Gillingham), 5s.; H. Worth, 5s.; 1s.; F. H. Wirthouble, 1s.; Mr. W. A. George (Cartbrooke), 2s. 6d.; Poor Grimbarian, 5s.; A Roman Catholic, £5; Mrs. L. Wood (Battersea), 6d.; Mr. W. Wynn (Norwich), 10s.; Mr. E. T. Dowling (Rangoon, Burma), 2s.; A. Hampton (Portsmouth), 6d.; Mr. E. J. Marshall (Shepton Mallet), 1s.; D. P. (A Ninth for Luck), 4½d.; In Memory of Daddy on 11th Nov., 2s. 6d.; L. B. Winchester, £1; C. E. L., 2s.; A Little Help, 1s.; The Human Motto, 6d.; N. (Bournemouth), 6d.; A. S. (Hove), 2s.; Hallsure, 6d.; Mrs. J. Kelshaw (West Felton), 2s.; A Well Wisher (Derby), 1s.; B.B. and Lott, 1s.; H. B. (S.W.5), 1s.; J. N. S. B., 1s.; Avon (Wrexham), 2s.; H. L. P., 2s. 6d.; F. V. Anger (Brawlin), 1s.; Mrs. E. J. Snelling, 5s.; E. B., 2s. 6d.; J. Andrews (Clows-Top), 1s.; Mrs. M. B. Questier (Battle), 6d.; The Helping Hand Warden (W.L.O.G.), 5s.; G. F. Powell (Bath), 5s.; Mrs. Holman (Bournemouth), 5s.; Blighty, 3s.; Anon. (Croydon), 1s.; The Merry Crew, 8s.; L. G., 6d.; Mother of Six, 1s.; P., 2s. 3½d.; Emily (Finsbury Park), 10s.; T. E. Bastock, £1; Anon. (Girl's home), 1s.; Unlucky Mums, 5s.; No Name, No Number, 10s.; J. W. D. (Llanelly), 2s. 6d.; S. W., 7s. 6d.; Mrs. Lucie D. Knight, 2s. 6d.; Again Happy, 1s.; Mrs. E. M. Maddison (Nelson), 10s.; Monica (aged 6), 5s.; Mrs. Hammond, 5s.; Joan and Michael, 1s.; Mr. G. A. Hope (Blackburn), 6d.; Ninth for Luck (Holbrach), 1s. 2d.; B. (Brighton), 1s. 6d.; With Love, 1s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Old Lincoln, Mkt. Dpg., 1s. 6d.; W.B.55, 2s. 6d.; Mr. R. Forman (Peterhead), 1s.; Mrs. F. R. Taylor (South Molton), 2s. 6d.; Mrs Patterson (Airdrie), 6d.; J. Clarke (Port Talbot), 1s.; Gassed and Wounded Soldier, 10s.; S.O.S., 6d.; Too Late, 1s.; Mrs. Johns (Leeds), 6d.; 30/A, 6d.; A. Smith, 6d.; A. Monro, 1s.; P. O. R. (Craighan), 6d.; Mrs. W. Frost (Bramerton), 1s.; P. C. Edinr., 6d.; Mrs. Wright, 6d.; Lauzan, 1s. 1d.; Bread Upon the Waters (Portsmouth), 2s. 6d.; B. T. Richards (Wolverhampton), 10s. Downhearted, 1s.; S. A. C., 5s.; A. B. (Renkynmawr), 2s.; Sympathy, 2s. 6d.; Mr. H. Deacon (Bristol), £2; A Working Woman (E. F.), 2s. 6d.; Mr. Josias Attrill (deceased) Legacy, £25; Mrs. A. F. Gregory, 6d.; J. N. S. B., 1s.; Mr. L. H. Thomas (Penmaenmaur), 6d.; E. M. (Who Served in France, Belgium, Italy and Australia), 5s.; Target A. A. Windsor, 1s.; R. C. (Camden Town), 1s. 6d.; A Poor Woman, 9d.; The Ninth (Blackburn), 6d.; M. S., 1s.; H. E. S. (Sarum), 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart, 1s.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; A Roman Catholic, £5; A Widow's Sympathy, 6d.; F. W. Slade (Barnstaple), £1; Irene (Seven Kings), 1s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. Murthwaite, 2s. 6d.; Inasmuch, 2s. 6d.; A. E. R., 6d.; Miss N. Laulgar, 6d.; Stoker's Ninth (Winlaton), 1s.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; Soldier's Wife (Edinburgh), 2s. 6d.; Mr. R. Wright (Walthamstow), £1; The Merry Crew, 8s.; Grateful Heart, 1s.; 772, 1s.; Commission 9th, 4s.; F. 2s. 2½d.; Every Little Helps, £1; B. L. E. (Colchester), 10s.; Mrs. A. Ings, 2s. 6d.; L. V., 1s.; Frankie (Dublin), 2s.; M. S., 1s.; S. A. B. (Waterlool), 2s. 6d.; Ex-Sapper, 4s.; W. Ward (Rainham), 2s. 6d.; Nobody, 6d.; Bolsover, 2s. 6d.; J. H. 44, 1s.; Hopeful, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. L. Pride, 4s.; K. N., 1s.; A. Buttle, 2s.; F. Archer (Braintree), 6d.; F. C. M. (Ipswich), 6d.; Ucalite, 1s.; M. Wilkinson (Southport), 1s. 6d.; F. W. Hill (Okehampton), 1s.; J. Beddons, 2s. 6d.; G. G., 1s.; A. E. Spence (Preston), £2 2s.; C. A. (West Hamstead), 2s. 6d.; E. M. (Ebbw Vale), 1s. 6d.; L. L. (Edinburgh), £1.

Parcels are gratefully acknowledged from Mrs. B. (Walthamstow), A Widow (Leytonstone), A well-wisher (Colchester), Monica, Mrs. Hammond (Hanton), Mrs. Finch (Sutton-on-Trent), E. L., I. M. B. (Gillingham), F. A. K. (Matlock), Mrs. H. F. Thompson (Chittlehampton), Mrs. E. Cox (Retford).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

A Nut to Crack



CLUES ACROSS

1. Slippery.
4. Smack.
8. To steep.
12. Assistance.
13. Proclaim noisily.
14. Flat-bottomed boat.
15. Personal interest.
17. The Ram.
19. Ceremony.
20. Flashed.
22. A challenge.
25. Overt.
26. A row.
27. Heavenly objects.
29. Scottish emblem.
33. Course of action.
35. Comfort.
36. Boon companion.
38. Commotion
39. Conscious.
41. Sport.
42. Branch.
43. A rank.
44. Type of soldier.
46. Bring to life
49. Sacred cantata.
51. A sign.
52. The stalk.
54. Sterile.
56. Pertaining to the stage
59. Scrap of news.
60. A giant deity.
62. Arrived.
64. In front.
65. King of fowl.
66. Went swiftly.
67. To betray.
68. Light.
69. Departed.

CLUES DOWN

1. A cut.
2. Speak untruthfully.
3. Unemployed.
4. Used for filling.
5. Origin.
6. Dry.
7. Born.
8. A reddish colour.
9. Death.
10. Change.
11. Ship's bottom.
16. A fencing foil.
18. Clippings of metal.
21. Choir of a church.
23. Before.
24. A step.
26. Perverter of the truth.
27. A morsel.
28. Perfume.
30. Vital organ.
31. Moon's age at end of year.
32. Wary.
34. Wearing apparel.
37. Indian title.
40. To alienate.
41. Dealing in maxims.
43. The measure of duration.
45. So let it be.
47. Regular.
48. Flight.
50. Wood-cutting machine.
53. Purport.
54. Leaning.
55. Scottish dance.
56. A hart.
57. Attention.
58. Inclination.
61. Congealed water.
63. Adult male.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 28

JOHN BULL'S GREAT OFFER

Special Concession

OFFER EXTENDED 15 DAYS

Another Chance!

So great has been the last-minute rush for "JOHN BULL" GOLDEN GIFT SETS, that rather than say "too late" we have decided to EXTEND THE OFFER FOR 15 DAYS.

OUR GREAT OFFER.

1s. GIFT VOUCHER will be accepted as One Shilling cash in part payment of the world-famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen. In addition, with each pen will be presented a magnificent **2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil FREE**, heavily plated, complete with refills and eraser. The Pen and Pencil will be packed in a dazzling Golden Box. Cut out presentation Voucher above, attach to Coupon below and accept this last chance.

New Year Gift Coupon.

"JOHN BULL," Pen Dept., 77, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Please send me the Golden Gift Set, containing the "JOHN BULL" 5/- Lever Filler Pen and FREE 2/6 Everpointed Pencil.

I enclose Gift Voucher (which please accept as 1/- in part payment), together with Postal Order for 4/3 (which includes Postage and Insurance).

(Pocket Clip 3d. each extra.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Lady's/Gentleman's Pencil (cross out model not required).
Fine, medium or broad nib. (Cross out grades not required.)

Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. 7

(Write in capitals name desired.).....

Cross Cheque/P.O. "& Co.," and make payable to "JOHN BULL." J.B., 31.12.27.

FINAL OFFER

200 'BULLETS' HAMPERS

FIRST PRIZE

£500

200 NEW YEAR HAMPERS To be despatched early in the New Year

This hamper contains – A Plump Surrey Fowl, Pork Sausages, Dundee Cake, Fancy Tin of Biscuits, Chocolates, Cigarettes Crystallized Fruit & a Bottle of Fine Old Port.

Second Prize £50

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2-10

Third Prize £25

100 OF 10/- 200 OF 5/- 500 OF 2/6 10,000 TARGET PRIZES

OUR LAST £500

THERE is often a story behind the one conveyed in a winning *Bullet*. "Christmas Is Coming—For Some—Others, Winter," which won £500 in Competition No. 658 for Mr. R. Wakeham, 12, Goulter Street, Barton Hill, Bristol, is a case in point.

The *Bullet* expresses vividly the tragedy of poverty in a household deprived of Christmas joys, and was inspired by Mr. Wakeham's own experiences. "I am twenty-four years of age and married," he writes. "For the past eighteen months I have been a bit unfortunate, having had eight months' unemployment. Since getting employment the illness of my wife and child has not improved my prospects.

"I am employed as a canvasser and collector in the clothing trade, so you can see your good news has come where it was much required. The winning *Bullet* represented my feeling for some time."

Hurry Up for Your Hamper!

This is the last opportunity of the season to join the large number of competitors who have won *Bullets* Christmas and New Year fare. The last 200 New Year Hampers are waiting to be won as well as a £500 First Prize.

The New Year will bring many surprises to competitors. Variety is the spice of life, and it will be found in plenty to season the *Bullets* offers of 1928.

The result of Competition No. 659 (£1,500 Offer) will appear in the issue published January 4.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 661 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

How to Make "Bullets."

HAVE you tried your hand at making *Bullets*? All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent big Prize-winners were:—

Example:—BALDWIN'S PROBLEM
Bullet:—WHERE WIFE HIDES MATCHES.

Example:—OUR HEROES
Bullet:—WORKLESS—HOMELESS—PENNILESS—NEVERTHELESS——

Example:—IF I WERE FORD
Bullet:—I'D "KEEP IT QUIET."

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED—See rule 2.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" 661.

THE OLD YEAR
A GOOD OMEN
SOME PEOPLE THINK
AMERICA'S MONEY
AT THE JOURNEY'S END
IF ARMS WERE ABOLISHED
REINS OF GOVERNMENT
WHAT THE MANAGER SAID
CAT AND DOG
SHEATHING THE SWORD
RISKING HIS LIFE
ROLL OF HONOUR
WHAT'S WRONG WITH RUSSIA
AN ORPHAN
SENT TO PRISON
FOR THE FILMS
JOY OF LIFE
DARK DIPLOMACY
UNLIKE FATHER
HIS EPITAPH
MAKES MY BLOOD BOIL
HOUSE-KEEPING MONEY
ALL OVER
WASTING WORDS
HALF-HEARTEDLY
AN ACCIDENT
FIRST HOME
WORDS OF WISDOM
A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE
PLAYMATES
A DIFFERENT MATTER
WHAT IS INDUSTRY?

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 661, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 5.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(661) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 5.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(661) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Use Two, Three or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon.

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 5.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(661) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 5.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(661) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

BIG NEW YEAR OFFER NEXT WEEK!

£300

– Increased 1st Prize –

AND 1374 OTHER CASH PRIZES!

BOVRIL prevents that sinking feeling

If he's late—make it HOT for him

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